

THE
BROTHERS,

A
COMEDIE,

AS
It was Acted at the private House
IN
BLACK FRYERS.

WRITTEN
By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Never Printed before.

LONDON,
Printed for Humphrey Robinson at the Three
Pigeons, and Humphrey Moseley at the Prince
Armes in St. Paul's Church-yard.
1652.



To his truly Noble Friend

THO: STANLEY Esq;

SIR,



The Memory and Contempla-
tion of good Offices recei-
ved, which, by their own na-
ture, and impulsion, have
inclined other men to bee
active in their returnes, have not wrought me
into so much boldness; For when I considered
my obligation to your favors I was still deter-
red by their greatness and number; For in my
poverty I had thoughts not without Ambition
to reach them with some merit, but when I was
studying to proportion my gratitude, I fell
much lower than when I was the object of your
mercy. The way to releevē my self, is no more
to look at what you have confer'd, but on
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the bestower, for I have now learn'd to separate you from your benefits, and to convey my self into your pardon, by the exercise of your Charity. Thus in place of cancelling my former debts, I put your vertue to a new disbursement: Witness this Composition, which after its birth, had in my thoughts a dedication to your name, although it but now took the boldness to wear it in the forehead both as an Ornament and preserver. You were pleas'd to grace it with your fair opinion, when it was represented, and though it appear not in that naturall Dress of the Scene, nor so powerfull, as when it had the soul of action, yet your smile upon it now will give it second animation; by which I shall derive after so long a silence, a Confirmation of my happiness, in being still received

Sir

Your most humble

Servant

JAMES SHIRLEY.

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THE BROTHERS.

ACT I.

Enter Francisco, Jacinta, Felisarda.

Francisco.

F Take my leave *Jacinta*, and cannot wish you
More happiness than you possess.

Jacin. You must
Dissemble, or it is within your wishes
To make your self, *Francisco*, mine, which would be
A fair addition to me, in my faith
Of that most noble love you have profess.

Fran. When you but dare to own me, I am past
The fear of any destiny that can

Enter Don Carlos and Servant

Divide us—but your Father. Your own virtue
Be still your guard. I do not like this watch
Upon our meeting, pretty *Felisarda*.

Car. Tel Signior *Francisco* I would speak with him
I do not like his frequent visites: though
His birth and generous parts deserve to march
With men of honorable name, I am
Without ambition to sacrifice
My daughter to his pension for life.

Enter Francisco

Fran. Your pleasure sir?

Car. Hath hitherto *Francisco*
Been to affect you in the list of those

I held my freinds.

Fra. I hope no forfeit made
By me, hath lost that good opinion
You plac'd upon me.

Car. I cannot tell

How you may be transported with desires
Above my thoughts t' allow, I would not have
My silence, and the free access y' have had
To my house, (which still is open to wise guests,)
Betray me, or my Daughter to the mirth
And talk of men i'th' *Plassa*, My estate
Doth walk upon sound Feet, and though I make
No exception to your blood, or person, sir,
The portion I have fixt upon *Jacinta*,
Beside the wealth her liberall Aunt bequeath'd her,
Is more than your thin Younger brother's fortune
Should lay a siege, or hope to. I am plain.

Fr. And something passionate (if I understand you)
Without a cause. I am a gentleman,
With as much sense of honor, as the proudest
Don that doth ride on's foot cloth, and can drop
Gold to the numerous minutes of his age
And let me not be lost for want of that,
Deserves not to be nam'd to fill the ballance
Against true honour--- let me tell you sir,
Virtue and blood are weigh'd against themselves,
You cannot know the price of these, when either
Scale is not poiz'd with things of the same nature

Car. Ware very right, and therefore I do weigh
My Daughters wealth against your fortunes sir,
I take it they are things in the same species
And find it easie to distinguish, yours
Can hold small competition, and by
A consequence that Fathers use t' inferre,
As little hope to equal in affections.
Sir I must tell you I esteem *Jacinta*

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Fit every way to meet your Elder Brother,
Whose Birth will intrest him so much in that
Full fortune which your Father now is Lord of,
Your expectations may prompt you look
Without much curiositie for a Bride,

Fran. I shall believe thy soul is made of Atomes,
That placeth so much happines in Dust.
Sir, I can quit your Jealousie, my thoughts
Levell beneath your Daughter, and shall be
Happie if you consent I may devote
My applications to *Felisarda*, your Neece.

Car. Is it my Neece? I ask your pardon.
Nay then be welcome, and encourage you,
Although her Father a poor Gentleman
My brother, by the malice of the sea
And winds, have lost what might have rank'd him even
With some that ride upon their reverend mules,
I'll find a portion for her, if you strike
Affectionate heartes, and joy to call you Nephew.
Pray be not angry, that I take a care
To place my own, where I may see it answerd
With State, as well as Family.

Fran. You shew
A provident Father, I shall not then
B' indanger'd to your scruple, if I address
My services to her, whose humble fortune,
In the relation to your blood, and nobleness,
Is wealth enough to me? *Car.* I wish it prosper.

Fra. You have much honor'd me. *Exit.*

Car. That scruple's vanish'd.
These are considering, with which Parents must
Timely prevent the folly, and the fall
Of Children, apt to lose themselves in shadows
And gaudy apparitions.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your Son

The Brothers.

Is come from *Salamanca* Sir.

Car. I hope
Philosophy hath by this time tam'd his wildness;
I have been carefull not to feed his riots.
Hee's welcome; my next studie is to choose
A wife for him,

Servant. With him a Gentleman.
That seems of noble quality.

Enter Luys and Alberto.

Luys. Your blessing,
Next vvhich 'twil be a happines, if you
Embrace this noble Gentleman *Don, Alberto*,
To whose affection I have been engag'd.

Alber. Our studies grew together, and our loves.
Car. You do an honour to us.

Lu. If he thrive
Upon his fair intents fir to my Sister,
Whose character he ha's took delight to hear
From me sometimes, it will enlarge our honor.

Car. He has improved in language— his estate?

Lu. Six thousand ducats *per Annum* clear
In his possession, beside
The legacie of a *Granam* when she dyes
That ha's outlixd 6. cats within their family.

Car. This tastes again of the old humor, hee's
Not settled yet.

Lu. Your pardon sir, I cannot
With any patience think of an old woman,
They are agues to my nature, she that lives
To threescore is a witch, and fit for fuell
By the Civill law, I hope my mother's well.
Sir I beseech you, be not you mistaken,
I am not what I was, I'm strangely alter'd
From the wild garbe, and can discourse most gravely
Of any thing but old and toothless women.
Do not you think it fit, she should be burn'd fir,

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That lives within an Hospitall till the roof
Consume to dust, and no more left for covering
Than is kept up in one continued Cobweb,
Through which the birds may see her when she creeps
Under a spiders canopie; what think you?
Speak your own conscience.

Car. A young wife will cure
This angry heat of blood. You are most welcome,
Command my house, and if you can affect
My Daughter, for whose love (as my Son here
Prepares me) you took this paines, I shall
Make equall propositions. I knew
Your Father well, *Don Roderigo*, who
Gave up his life with honor 'gainst the *Moorees*.
Once more y' are welcome: Son *Lays* shew
The way to your Sister, and bid her entertain
Your friend with all the love her modesty,
And my commands may prompt her to.

Alber. You much oblige my services.

Lu. Remember *Don*
Conditions, if my Sister and you join
Your coppiholds, I have a life must be
Maintain'd till the old man dye, hang his pension;
'Two' not keep me in salads. I'll conduct you.

Exe. Alb. & Lays.

Car. I like his person well, and his calm gesture
Speakes for his other composition;
The estate is competent, my Daughter is
Obedient, which rich Parents call a blessing,
Whose wisdom is to advance their name, and fortunes.

Enter Don Ramyres.

My Son is all my studie now,
My noble *Don Ramyres*, you look cheerful.

Ramy. 'Tis a good omen, I ha' business w'ee
Such as cannot despair your entertainment;
You have a Daughter.

Car. I would you had one;

I should be willing to translate a Son,
And by his marriage be most proud to call
Your Daughter mine.

Ramy. You are next a Prophet, Signior,
And but the Sexes differ, speak my thoughts;
Tis harmony on both sides; to be short
For let our gravities not waste time, and breath
In our affaires, give the Young leave to court;
And spin out dayes in amorous circumstance;
My Son *Fernando*, I need not call him Heir,
His birth concludes it, I would commend
To fair *Jacinta*: 't can be no dishonour
To your Family to mix with mine.

Car. Tis an addition
Will add a luster rather to our blood. (confirm'd)

Ramy. Tis my affection to you Daughter, which
By observation of her virtue, makes
Me wish this tye between 'em; I may safely
Expect you will assure a portion that
His Fortunes will deserve, who must enjoy
What I possess, unless you disaffect
His person, or decline his education,
Which hath not fear'd my offers to advance him
In the best form of Gentleman.

Car. I want
Abilities of tongue to answer this
Your freedome, and the bounty of your nature,
Towards my Daughter, and so far am from
Exception to *Fernando*, there's no *Cavallero*
In *Spain* I wish to thrive so well in her opinion.

Ramy. T will be his encouragement,
If he entrench upon no others interest,
I mean not to except, how well he can
Deserve her nobly from a Rival, if
Her heart be not contracted, this were to
Engage 'em both to loss of Peace, and Honor,

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Perhaps betray a Life.

Car. You argue nobly,
She is yet Mistress of her thoughts, and free,
While her Obedience doth keep in trust
Her heart; till I direct it, which shall be
To love, and choose your Son to live within it.
Have I said home?

Ramy. You have. When they have met.
We may conclude the Doury, and confirm
Our mutuall assurances, till then farewell.

Exit.

Car. I like this well; *Ramyres* has
A fortune for a Grande. *Don Alberto*
Must now excuse me, if my vote preferre
Fernando, whom my Daughter must accept
Or forfeit me. The new guest is not warm
In his access, and sha' not feel with what
Soft art, and subtile wayes, I steer her passion;
Yet were *Alberto's* state ten *Maravides*
Above *Ramyre's*, I should place him first.
Fame is an empty noise, Virtue a word
There's not a Jew will lend two Ducates on.
He is return'd, I must prepare *Jacinta*.

Exit.

Enter Ramyres and Fernando.

Fer. I hope my past life hath not sir so ill
Deserv'd, you should be jealous of my duty
When you command, although in things of this
High nature, man being nothing more concern'd,
Next the divine considerations,
Than in the choyce of her that must divide
The joyes and sufferings of his life, a Son
May modestly insist upon the privilege
That Love by his great charter hath conferr'd
On every heart, not to be forc'd, yet I
Freely resign my will, and what men call
Affection; to that object you present me.

Ramy. Apply your self then to *Don Carlo's* daughter
Shee's

Shee's young, fair, rich, and virtuous, and I've had
Full treatie with her Father, who expects
Your visit.

Fer. Young, fair, rich, and virtuous,
Four excellencies seldom met in one;
She cannot sure want servants, that commands
Under so many titles. I could wish,
(So much I have ambition to be thought
Obedient fir,) she were but one of those.

Ramy. She is all, and one.

Fer. My duty were not less
If I forgave my self a happiness
To perfect your comands; fir, I am ready,
To try my fortune.

Ramy. There is no fear of thy repulse, and when
Thou dost confirm her gain'd to thy affection,
My greatest act, and care of life is over.
Go on and prosper.

Exit

Fer. He is passionate,
And like the fury of the winds, more loud
By opposition; such a providence
May be mine one day when I am a Father,
And he for whose advance my cares are meant,
Like me, may with a fair and formall shew
Disguise his thoughts too, yet I am to blame,
For my affection to a dream, a thing
With which my eyes only converse, to hazard
A Fathers love, and the rich peace it brings;

Enter Francisco.

I'll uncreate the face I dote upon
And be my self, or --- what? my brother?
Now *Francisco*, you met my father?

Fran. Yes, and he

Lookes as some newes had much exalted him.
You are not so merry in the face, what is't?

Ferd. Nothing.

Fran. You

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You

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Fran. You held no controversies with him? *Ferd.* no.

Fran. I cannot guess he was angry by his smiles;
How did you part? *Ferd.* exceeding kindly.

Fran. What changes your complexion?

Ferd. Th'art deceived.

Pre'the' how do men look that are in love?

Fran. Why? as they did before; what alteration
Have you observ'd in me?

Ferd. You have then a Mistress;
And thrive upon her favours; but thou art
My brother, I'll deliver thee a secret,
I was at St. *Sebastians* last Sunday
At Vespers.

Fran. Is it a secret that you went to church?
You need not blush to tell your ghostly Father.

Ferd. I pre'thee leave thy impertinence; there I saw
So sweet a face, so harmless, so innocent
Upon her prayers, it fasten'd my devotion
To gaze on her, till by degrees I took
Her fair Idea through my covetous eye,
Into my heart, and know not how to ease
It since of the impression. *Fran.* So, proceed.

Fer. Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but overweigh'd
With it's own swelling, drop'd upon her bosom,
Which by reflexion of her light, appear'd
As nature meant her forrw for an ornament;
After her looks grew chearfull, and I saw
A smile shoot gracefull upward from her eyes,
As if they had gain'd a victory o'r grief,
And with it many beames twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the Angells walk.
To and again from heaven.

Fran. I do beleve
By all these metaphors, you are in love;
I see you have a fancie, but proceed,
And

And be not melancholy.

Ferd. I have told thee all.

Fran. This is indeed a vision; you have
But seen her all this while, if I may counsell you
You should proceed, her face is nothing when
You have perus'd the rest.

Ferd. 'Tis dangerous.

Fran. You must excuse me Brother,
There can be no hurt in a handsome woman,
For if her face delight so much, what will
The enjoying of so sweet a pile of beauty?

Ferd. Thou hast infus'd a confidence, I will
Embrace this counsell, you shall with me Brother,
And see how I behave myself, the Lady
Is not far off.

Fran. Withall my heart, I'll pawn
My life you shall enjoy her; what is she
Of flesh, and blood, that will deny, when she
Is fairly courted? may I know the name
Of this lov'd Mrs? you may clear your thoughts,
I dare have no design to wrong your love.

Ferd. What think you Brother, of the fair *Jacinta*?

Fran. Don Carlo's Daughter?

Ferd. To that happy coast
I now am sayling; we lose time, clap on
More wings thou feather'd God; thou hast put fire
Francisco into my drooping thoughts, and as
They had already bargain'd with the wind,
They are aloft, and chide loves lazic motion.

Fran. A word before you fly; but is *Jacinta*
Your Mistris then?

Ferd. The beautifull *Jacinta*.
Dost think I sha'not prosper? what is she
Of flesh and blood, that can deny, when she
Is fairly courted? add to this my happiness,
That she's the Mistris, whom, from all her sex
My Father hath made choice of for my courtship;

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He hath already treated with *Don Carlos*,
And 'twas his last command, I should address
My present visit to her.

Fran. Very well;
If this be truth, you need not trouble wings—
To overtake this Lady, to my knowledge
(I'm serious now) she has bestow'd her heart
Upon a friend, who has already fortified
Himself against the world, that would oppose
His title to't.

Ferd. From what intelligence
Have you gain'd this? her Father knows it not.
Come, these are but subtle pretences scattered
By some, who cunningly thus hope to make
Themselves a victory, by cutting off
More fruitfull expectations, this must
Not disingage me, prithee walk.

Fran. I can produce my Author, here, *Fernando*.
And with my blood defend that interest
She gave me, with intent I should preserve it.

Ferd. How, is she yours *Francisco*?

Fran. Mine, if hearts
Have power to make assurance.

Ferd. Tis some happiness
I have no stranger to oppose, whose high
And stubborn soul would not release this treasure
But make me force it through his blood. *Francisco*
And *Fernando* are two rилlets from one Spring,
I will not doubt he will resign, to make
Me fortunate; or should his will be cold
And some close thoughts suggest I had no privilege
By Eldest birth, but came a sly Intruder
Upon his right of love, there is a tie
Of Nature and Obedience to a Father
Will make him give this blessing from his bosom,
And strip his amorous soul of all his wealth
That may Invest my wishes.

Fran.

Fran. I read not this
 In any of the reverend Casuists;
 No inequality being in our blood
 The law of nature meant we should be equal;
 It was first tyranny, then partiall custome,
 Made you more capable of Land. Would you
 Be lord of us, because you are first born,
 And make our souls your tenants too? when I've
 Nam'd you my Elder brother, I exclude
 All servitude; Justice that makes me love you
 Carries an equall law to both;
 Nay I can love you more if I consider you
 (Without the chain of blood) a freind, than all
 The bonds of nature can enforce me to;
 In both relations give me leave to love you
 As much as man, but not resign my Mistress.
 You ascend higher, and perswade by what
 Obedience is owing to a Father;
 They give us life, a good Son keeps it for him;
 And every drop bled in their cause, a glory;
 I can acknowledge this, and sacrifice
 Life, Fortunes, a poor recompence to lose
 (Were they all multipli'd) to shew my duty
 But these are things may be resign'd, a Mistress
 Is not a wealth in ballance with the world;
 But much above the poize of all it's happiness,
 And equall with our honor, riveted
 Into our soul, it leaves her not, when death
 Hath shook this body off, but flies with it
 More swift, to love it in the other world.

Ferd. You are very passionate.

Fran. I am very just,
 And you shall find it brother e'r you twine
 With my *Jacinta*, mine, if vovves may give
 Possession of each other's soul.

Ferd. No more

May she be worthy of thy heart, till mine
Do entertain a treason to divide you;
But I, to satisfy my Father, must
Present my self, and trust me, will so manage
My love to her, as thou shalt have no cause
To Interpret me a rivall. O *Francisco*
Our loves are of a kindred, for mine is
Devote to *Felisarda*, to her Cousen
Poor *Felisarda*.

Fran. Theodoros Daughter?

Ferd. We never yet chang'd language, nor doth she
Imagin with what thoughts I honour her;
But here is the distraction, thou canst not
Expect more opposition from *Don Carlos*,
Than I must from my Father, if he knew
Where I have plac'd my heart.

Fran. Let us assist
Each other then, till time, and some kind starres
Mature our love.

Ferd. Let Fathers look at wealth, tis all their Saint:
Hearts are freeborn, and love knows no constraint. Exeunt.

A C T II.

Enter Luys and Jacinta.

Luys **H**OW do you like *Alberto* Sister? is he not
A gallant Gentleman?

Jacin. For what good Brother?
cannot Judge his Intellectualls,
But we have plentie of more proper men
in Spain.

Luys He is an excellent Scholar,
He was still Emperour in the Schooles, and since
He studied Logick and Philosophy;
He was the flow'r of's time at *Salamanca*.

Jacin. Tis pittie he should be gather'd then.

Luys What

Lu. What be gather'd?

Ja. The flower you talk on.

Lu. If you affect him Sister, he may grow,
And you may keep him still for seed please you.

Ja. And sell him out at sowing time to Gardeners.

Lu. Come, you must love him.

Ja. Ha's he the Black-art?

I know not how Magick or Philters may
Prevail, and yet he looks suspitiously.

Lu. You think y' are witty now, d'ee hear, you must
Affect him for my sake.

Ja. Now you speak reason;

I may for your sake dote upon him, Brother,
This is a conjuration may do much.

Lu. Well said;

Thou art my Sister, this good nature shews it;

And now I'll tell thee, I ha' promis'd him

As much as marriage comes too, and I lose

My honour, if my *Don* receive the canvas.

He ha's a good estate, and I have borrow'd

Considerable monies of him Sister,

Peeeces of eight, and transitory Ducats.

Ja. Which must be paid.

Lu. Not if you marry him;
Conditions have been thought on.

Ja. How? conditions?

Lu. And some renew was convenient
To do things like a Gentleman, I may

Tell you, my Father is a little costive,

Purc-bound, his pension cannot find me tooth-picks,

I must live till he dye 'tis fit you know;

Alberto ha's an Exchequer, which upon

Thy smiles will still be open.

Ja. Very good;

Then you upon the matter have sold me to him

To find you spending money?

Lu. No,

Lu. No,

Lu. No, not sold;

We are at no certain price; summes have been lent
in expectation, or so, and may again.

Ja. You deserve Brother I should hate you now.

Lu. 'Tis all one to me, so you love him;
For my part I desire but my expences.

Ja. What if another man supply your wants
Upon the same conditions of my love?

Lu. I am indifferent, so I have my charges,
My necessary wine and women paid for,
Love where you please your self; I am but one,
I would not see him want that's all, because
My Father is not yet resolv'd about
His going to heaven.

Ja. Well fir, for *Don Alberto*,
You shall be his advocate no more, and there's
A Fee to bribe your silence in his cause.

Lu. Why, thank you sister, -- will you dyc a virgin?

Ja. Why do yo ask?

Lu. I would speak for somebody, tell me but whom
You have a mind to, and I'll plead for him,
And if he be a *Don* he will consider it ;
You may give me what you will, besides.

Ja. When I
Resolve, You shall be acquainted.

Lu. But d'ee hear,
Untill you do resolve, I would lose no time,
'Tis good keeping a freind, and a warm client;
You may look lovingly upon *Alberto*,
And let him hope at all adventures, in
Two moneths you may be otherwise provided
And he may hang himself, i'th meane time
Some favours now and then to the poor Gentleman
Will doe him good, and me no hurt, besides
You'll please my Father in't, whose vote is for him,
And that's a thing materiall. I am

To meet with *Don Alberto*, and some Gentlemen,
 I will preserve his confidence, and tell him
 I ha' talkd with thee. Have you any more
 Of this complexion? cause I know not what
 Occasions I may have to keep my credit
 With men of mark and honour, vvhether I am going;
 You are my Fathers darling, and command
 His yellowv Ingots; tother *Doblon D'oro*.

Ja. So I may bring a rent-charge upon my self.

Lu. The tother drop of orient mercie, come.

Ja. You care not vvhat accounts I give my Father.

Lu. Thou hast tventy vvayes to cosen him, vvedge
 Into the next Bill, he vvears Spectacles,
 And loves to read--*Item* for pious uses.
 Can it be less to help a brother? vvell said.

Ja. Let not this feed your riot.

Luis By no means.

I am for no *Carthusians* to day.

*Enter Carlos, Fernando, Francisco,
 and Felisarda.*

Farevvell dear Sister--- vvho is that?

Ja. My Father

Lu. I cannot indure that old mans company. *Exit*

Car. I am past complement, and must acknowvledge
 Your fair intentions honor us, she is no Goddess
 Of beauty Sir, but let me without pride
 Boast my self blest, *Fernando*, in her virtues,
 And that which crowns em all, obedience.

Jacinta, Entertain this Gentleman
 With all becoming thoughts of Love, his merit
 (Out of no rash, but mature judgement,) hath
 Prevaild with me, to name him to the first
 And noblest place within your heart.

Ferd. Untill this hour I never had the confidence
 More than to think of love, and hide a flame
 That almost hath consum'd me. You may think

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It worth a smile, and that I will not
To shew my vanity of wit or language;
But when you understand that I bring hither
No young affection, but a love took in
Long since at my ambitious eye, to
Beget your gentle thought, or will, to cure me.

Jac. Pardon me, if the more you strive to print
A truth on this short story of your passion,
The more I find my self inclin'd to wonder,
Since you seem to inferre, You took in the
Disease at sight of me, I cannot be
So ignorant, as not to have receiv'd
Your Name and Character, but never knew
Before, when you did grace us with a visit,
And how then at such distance you contracted
A danger so consuming, is above
My knowledge, not my pittie, if you could
Direct me to the cure with Virgin honor.

Car. So, so, I leave you to the amorous Dialogue,
Presume you have my voice.

Jac. Sir, with your pardon,
You lead me to a Wilderness, and take
Your self away, that should be guide; do you
Engage me to affect this *Don Fernando*
In earnest? *Car.* Yes.

Jac. You did direct my love
To *Don Alberto*.

Car. I dispence with that
Command; you may by fair degrees, and honor,
Quit his addressees, and dispose your self
Mistress and Bride to *Don Ramyres* heir.

Felis. It does not thus become you sir, to mock
A Virgin never injur'd you; he is
Your elder Brother, I am here beneath
The levell of his thoughts, i'th' nature of
A servant to my Cosen, and depend

Upon my Uncles charity.

Fran. May I be

Curst in my own affections; if I

Delude thee, though to achieve our best desires

We seem to dissemble thus before *Don Carlos*.

This is a secret yet to poor *Jacinta*.

Car. You have my will; obey it.

Ja. Hath *Francisco* broken his faith already? (loves.

Car. May you both joy, where you have plac'd your
You apply close *Francisco*. *Exit*

Fran. With your good favour,
I fairly hope.

Ferd. Your Father's gone *Jacinta*.

Ja. I should be

Equally pleas'd if you would leave me too.

Felis. This is a change.

Ja. Unkind *Francisco* hear me.

Fran. Tis my meaning. Brother I ha' prepar'd
Your story there with *Felisarda*; lose
No time.

Ferd. *Jacinta*, clear your thoughts agen,
And pardon that I took a shape to fright you;
I shall not grieve to see *Francisco* prosper,
And merit all your favours, since my hopes
Must thrive, or have their Funerall here.

Ja. Are we

So blest *Francisco*? th'ast a noble Brother.

Ferd. I may suppose my Brother, *Felisarda*,
Hath made it now no secret, that I love you;
And since our stars have so contriv'd, that we
Have means to assist our mutuall ambitions,
Do not you make their influence unprofitable;
Tis the first boldness I ere tooke to visit you,
Although my eyes have often with delight
And satisfaction to my heart observ'd you.

Felis. You seem a noble Gentleman, and can take

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But little glory to undo a Maïd,
Whose Fortunes cannot bring you any triumph.

Ferd. How mean you fairest?

Felis. Not to be flattered Sir
Into a sin, to cure my poverty;
For men whose expectations are like yours,
Come not with honour to court such as I am,
(Lost to the World for want of portion)
But with some untam'd heat of blood.

Fer. I dare

With conscience of my pure intent, try what
Rudeness you find upon my lip, tis chaste
As the desires that breath upon my language.
I began *Felisfarda* to affect thee
By seeing thee at Prayers, thy vertue wing'd
Loves Arrow first, and 'twere a sacrilege
To choose thee now for sin, that hast a power
To make this place a Temple by thy Innocence.
I know thy poverty, and came not to
Bribe it against thy chastity; if thou
Vouchsafe thy fair and honest love, it shall
Adorn my fortunes, which shall stoop to serve it
In spite of friends or destiny.

Fran. My Brother

Knows my whole Interest in thee, to whom
My Fathers care directed him, but we
Thus mutually resolve to aid each other.

Ja. This must be wisely manag'd of all sides;
Parents have narrow eyes.

Fran. Our meeting thus

Will happily secure us from their Jealousie;
Our Fathers must not know this countermarch.

Enter Carlos.

Car. Ha ; I like not this; *bernando* at busie courtship
With *Felisfarda*, and *Francisco* so
Close with my Daughter.

Jac. Las we are betray'd.

Felis. My Uncle.

Ferd. You are her Kinswoman, and of her bosom,
I prethee in my absence, plead to fair

Jacinta for me; as an earnest of
My gratitude, accept this trifle from me.

Car. Ha, 'tis a Jewell.

Felis. Without this reward
I should sollicite for your cause, and do
My duty to *Don Carlos*, who desires it.

Ferd. I take my leave.

Fran. Madam, I shall be proud
To call you Sister, but you will prepare
Another happiness if you vouchsafe
To speak for me to pretty *Felisarda*,
She 's bound to hear your counsel and obey it,
If I may owe this favour to your charity.

Jacin. Your goodness will deserve more.

Fran. I must follow him.

Exit.

Car. Do you take notice *Felisarda*, that
You live here on the bounty of an Uncle?
Your Father had but ill news from the Indies.

Felis. Sir, as your goodness wants no testimony,
I shall attend it with all humble services.

Car. How durst you in the presence of my Daughter,
Maintain such whispers with *Fernando*, ha?

Felis. Sir, he was pleas'd-----

Car. No more, I here discharge you.

Jacinta, I'll provide one to attend you
With less relation to your blood. I hear
Of no defence, away---out of my dores.
Go to your Father *Signior Teodoro*:
His ships may rise agen were sunk by th' *Hollander*,
And Fleet from *St. Thome*, he may prefer you
To some Rich *Dow*, or who knows but you may,
Born on the Plumes of his estate, be made

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Felis. My Uncle.

Ferd. You are her Kinswoman, and of her bosom,
I prethee in my absence, plead to fair

Jacinta for me; as an earnest of
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With less relation to your blood. I hear
Of no defence, away---out of my dores.

Go to your Father *Signior Teodoro*:

His ships may rise agen were sunk by th' *Hollander*,
And Fleet from *St. Thome*, he may prefer you
To some Rich *Don*, or who knows but you may
Born on the Plumes of his estate, be made

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The Brothers.

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In time a proud *Condeſſa*, ſo adios
Mui illuſtre Sennora Felisarda.

Exit.

Ja. Thus have I heard a tall ſhip has been wrack'd
By ſome ſtrange gult within the *Bay*: his paſſion
Admits of no diſpute. O my poor *Cofe*,
I fear my turn is next to be an exile,
Thy abſence muſt deprive me of *Franciſco*,
Who can no more glad his *Jacinta*'s eyes,
With a pretence to viſit thee.

Feliſ. Tis not
My fear to ſuffer want ſo much afflicts me,
As that I muſt loſe you, but he returns.

*Enter Carlos with a Letter, and
Servant.*

Car. Don *Pedro de Fuente Calada* comming hither,
With Don *Alberto*, and my Son?

Serv. Yes ſir, the Count deſires to ſee *Jacinta*,
Whom your Son has ſo commended, and ſent me
To give you notice.

Car. Ha *Jacinta*, retire
To your cloſet, and put on your richeſt Jewels,
A Count is come to viſit you; *Feliſarda*
There may be ſome more art uſ'd in her dreſs,
To take the eyes of greatneſs.

Iac. Sir you ſpeak
As I were meant for ſacrifice, or ſale;
The Count Don *Pedro* —

Car. No reply; be carefull,
And humble in your office *Feliſarda*,
And you may live, and eat here, till *Jacinta*
Provide another ſervant to attend her,
Which may be three whole dayes; my anger is
Not everlaſting; bid my Wife come to me.

Enter Alſimira.

I expect an honourable gueſt, the Count Don *Pedro*,
To ſee our Daughter, whom I have commanded

To appear with all her riches to attract him.

Alfi. If his Intents be honourable, I have heard
Don Pedro loves a handsome *Donna*.

Car. He had better cool his hot blood i'the frozen
Sea, and rise thence a rock of Adamant
To draw more wonder to the North, than but
Attempt to wrong her chastity.

Enter Don Pedro, Luys and Alberto.
This from *Don Pedro* is an honor binds
The service of our lives.

Ped. Noble *Don Carlos*.

Alfi. If we had been prepar'd, we should have met
This grace with more becoming Entertainment.

Ped. Tis fair, and equall to my wishes,—she { *No kiss*
Does smel. of roasted Garlick; this your Sister? { *ses Alfi*

Enter Jacinta and Felisarda.

Luys That is my Mother, here is *Jacinta* Sir.

Ped. She has a tempting shape, I now am pleas'd.
I use to kiss all; hum a pretty thing? *To Phelise.*

Car. I like not his busie eyes on *Felisarda*.

Alber. You will be faithfull to me?

Luys Who, I faithfull? how shall I live else?

Car. Son *Luys*.

Alber. Madam.

Ped. Will you be pleas'd admit *Don Pedro*, by
The Title of your servant, to presume
Sometime to wait upon you.

Jacin. It were pride
And sawcy ambition fir in me, to think
You can descend so much from your great birth,
To own a name, and office so beneath you.

Ped. I that before thought women easie trifles,
And things which nature meant only to quench
High flames in man, am taken with this Lady.

Luys thou hast wrong'd the fair *Jacinta*,
Thy praise was thyn, and cold, *Spain* is not rich
Enough

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Enough to boast her equall: and I love her.

Luis Oh she will be to proud to know it Sir.

Ped. Proud, she must be, whose eyes have such command.
She has a pretty servant too, *Luis*,
I like 'em both.

Luis How, both?

Ped. They will do well,
One for a Wife, the other for a Concubine.

Luis It will becom your high blood.

Ped. Say I kiss

Her white hand, and present her with these Pearls?

Luis Your honor shall command.

Ped. Your Daughter has a most magnetick face,
And I pronounce her happy, your consent
Confirms her mine.

Car. Ther's nothing in my blood, or fortune, but
Don Pedro shall command. I was Prophetick?

Come hither *Alsimira*, wouldst imagine?

Hee's taken with *Jacinta*, and hath praid
Already my consent.

Alif. Believe not all

That great men speak are Oracles, our Daughter---

Car. If she be stubborn, uncreates her self,
Be you wise, and counsell her to this ambition,
Or thus I loose you all; ha turn away,
That Faery shees a Witch, the Count talks with her.

Alb. I hope you hold me not Sir less deserving
Than when you gave me free access to plead
My service to your Daughter---if that *Don*---

Car. Sir you too much prejudicate my thoughts
I must give due respects to men of honor,
Nor is it fit I should impose upon
The Freedom of *Jacinta*'s love.

Alb. Y'are noble.

Car. My Lord.

Alb. I do not like this *Don*.

Luys Th'art of my mind, I do not like him neither,
And yet the blackbirds in the bush, see what
 present he would give my sister.

Alb. Did she refuse it?

Luys I never mean she shall, what wrong my friend?
 Yet I'll take all, and let him hang himself; *(embraces*
 If he would send his eyes, I would undertake *him;*
 To carry 'em to the Jeweller, they would off,
 For pretty toadstones. Have no fear, my Mother
 Is for you too, you must see both your Advocates.

Car. Jacinta.

Jacin. Sir.

Luys She takes her self much honor'd.

Ped. You oblige.

Luys Let me alone to carry things.

Be confident to trust me with your honor,
 If it would pawn for any thing.

[*aside*]

Iac. I'm not perfect

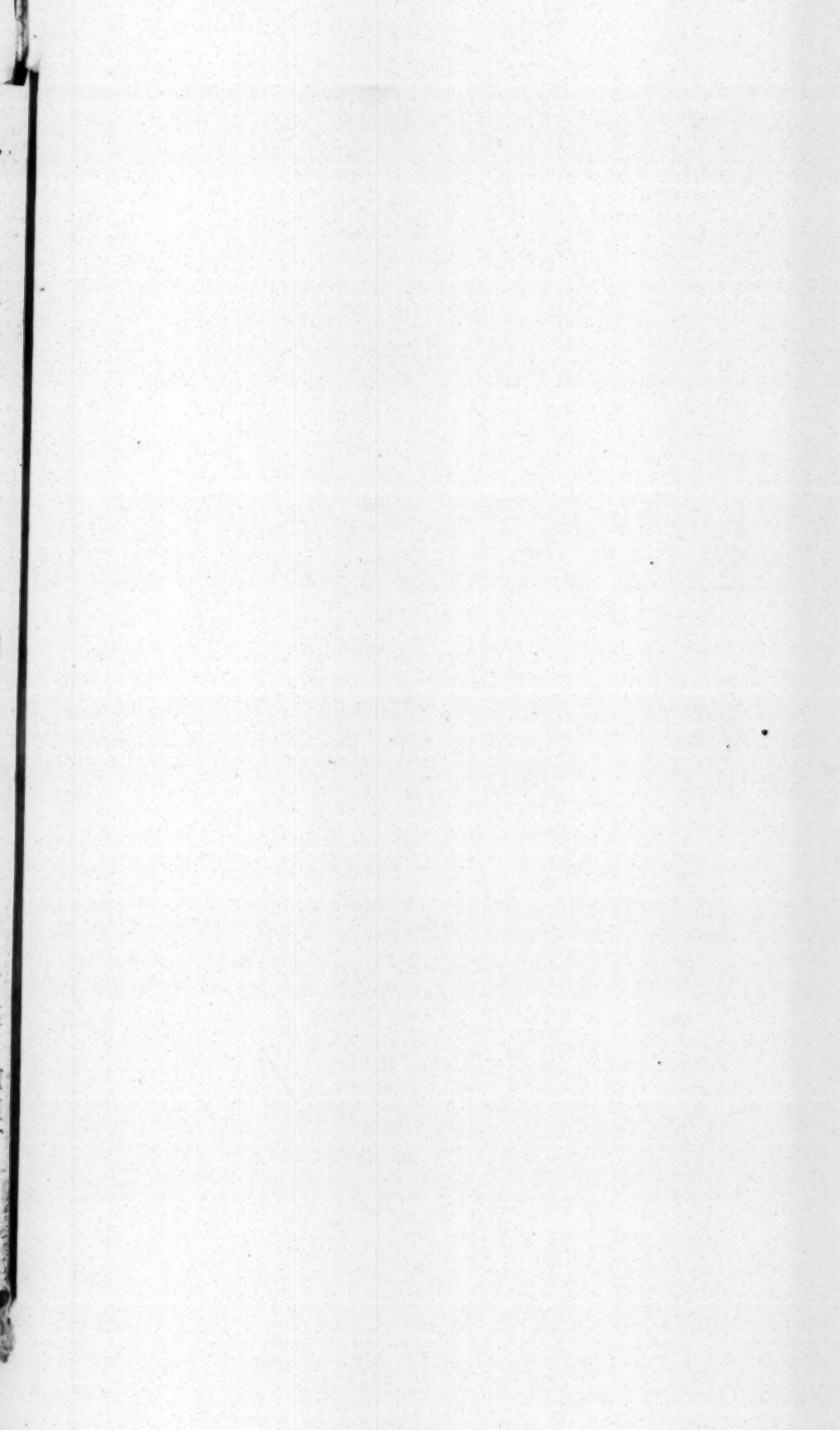
How to neglect *Alberto* yet, and must I
 Throw off *Fernando*, but new Entertain'd
 By your command? the World will censure strangely.

Car. The World will praise thy wisdom, & my cares
 Or if some giddy tongues condemn what's good,
 Must wee be servile to that fear, and lose
 That which will make us Judges of their folly,
 And damn it with a frown of state? they'r foolcs
 That dote upon those shaddowes, Idle talk,
 The slime of Earth-worms, that doth shine to cosen
 Infants, 'tis fit wee raise our thoughts to substances.

Jac. Let modesty and nature plead a little,
 If I appear not fond to Entertain him.

I may collect more strength by time and counsell,
 And for your satisfaction dare profess
 My Lord hath too much grac'd the low *Jacinta*
 With a pretence so noble, but I should
 Be held not worth his person, and too light

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At his first breath of courtship to fall from
My Virgin strength, and give my self his captive.

Car. I shall allow that ceremony; the Count
Makes an address.

Ex Alfi. Felisard.

Ped. I must use thrift in my delight, my eyes
Are prowd, and must be taught by absence how
To value such a Mistress. I do miss the chambermaid.

Car. It will become me to attend.

Ex. Alber. & Jacin.

Ped. Your pardon.

I'll take it for an honor, if your Sonne
Be pleas'd---but to my coach?

Luis. Oh my good Lord!

So much I am your creature, if you knew
But where to match me, I would be your coach-horse.

Exe. Pedro & Luis.

Car. So, so, *Iacinta's* starres do smile upon her,
'Twill be a match, were but my Son as fair
In expectation of a bride, I'd write
Nil ultra to my cares, he is to aery
And volatile, a wife would timely fix him,
And make him fit to manage my estate.

Enter Luis.

But he returns, I'll feel his pulse.

Luis, thou seest how near *Iacinta* is to happiness.

Luis I did some office in't, she may thank me.
I first inspir'd his Lordship.

Car. Such a providence
To build thy self a Fortune by some brave
And noble marriage would become thy study,
And make thy Father willingly resign
His breath, with confidence to know thee wise
To govern what my Industry hath gatherd;
What think'st thou of a wife?

Luis. I think little sir.

What

What should I do with a Wife?

Car. Imitate me, and study fame, and wealth
To thy posterity. Have I with care
Acquir'd such an estate, that must not last
Two Generations?

Lays. The way to make it
Last, is not to think of Wiving; for my part
(Sir with your pardon, if I may speak freely)
I had opinion once I was your Son,
But fearing by your narrow exhibition
You lov'd me not, I had a controversie
Within my thoughts, whether I should resolve
To geld my self, or turn a begging Frier.

Car. A begging Frier?

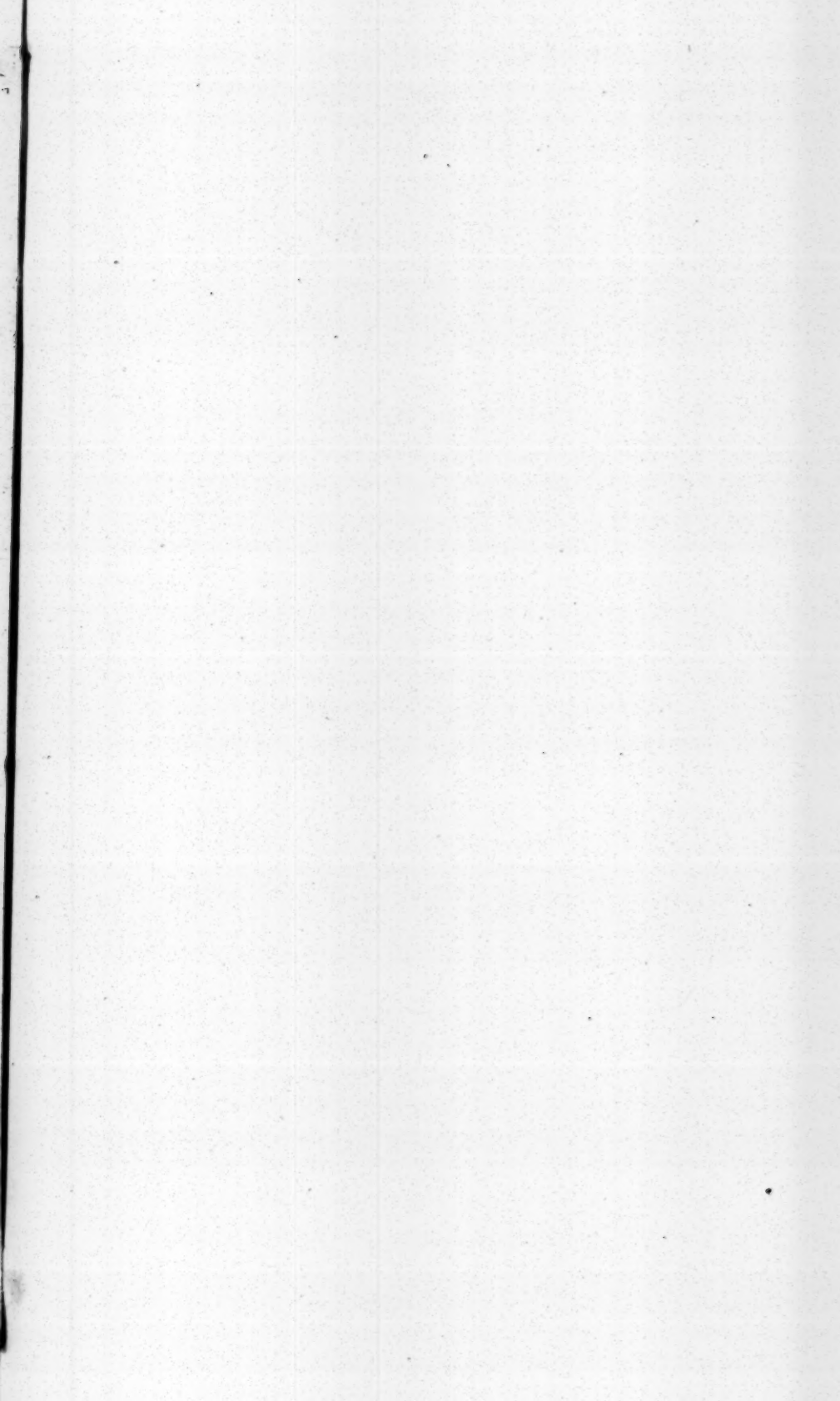
Lays. Tis as I tell you Sir;
This last I fixt upon, and ha' been studying
Where I conveniently might raise a sum
To compass a hair shirt Sir,
To make triall before I thrust my self
Point blank into the Order.

Car. Thus wild Sons interpret still
A prudent Father; but you may discharge
Your Jealousies, unless it be your own
Devotion to be chaste, and live a recluse.

Lays. For that I can be ruld; I ha' not liv'd
After the rate of hating any women
But I can hear of Mariage, if it be
Your pleasure: but these Wives Sir are such tickle
Things, not one hardly staid amongst a thousand;
Beside, unless you finde one very rich
A man may cast a way himself, and get
A bundle of Beggeries, Mouths, that day and night,
Are open like Hell Gates, to feed; I would not
Hazard my Freedom, and the blessings Heaven
Has lent you Sir, upon a Wife with nothing.

Car. Thy pension doubles for that word; in Earnest,

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How much I like this wisdom; take this Purse,
I will have no account, and find me out
A wealthy Maid or Widdow, but not ugly.

Luis No? not if favour'd Sir, if she be rich?

A little old or crippel'd?

Car. I wo't not ha' thee

Mary a crooked, deform'd thing, because
She may have children --

Luis Not, unless she have
An Infinit wealth to make 'em strait fir;
I'll marry a witch so she have mony fir.

Car. No, on no terms a Monster.

Luis Then I wo't not.

And now it comes into my mind, they talk of
A young rich Widdow, *Donna Estifaniar*,
What do you think of her?

Car. Thou hast nam'd one
To my own desires, she lives a Widdow still,
But she has refus'd many brave *Dons*.

Luis No matter,
I like her fir the better.

Car. She gives good entertainment.

Luis I will have her

If you but say the word. I wear a charm
To catch a Widdow; but this Purse will hardly
Last till we finish, I must do things with honor.

Car. Thou shalt be furnish'd like my Son; kneel down
And ask me blessing, I do long to give it thee.

Luis I have your blessing here.

Car. He find thee out

Some Jewells to present thy Mistress too.

Luis Two'not be much amiss, the Gold will go.

The farther Sir. I know not how this

Exit Car.

Came about, unless *Don Pedros* coming to

My Sister ha' made him mad, & wrought this miracle.

How carefull he was I should not marry one

Deform'd,

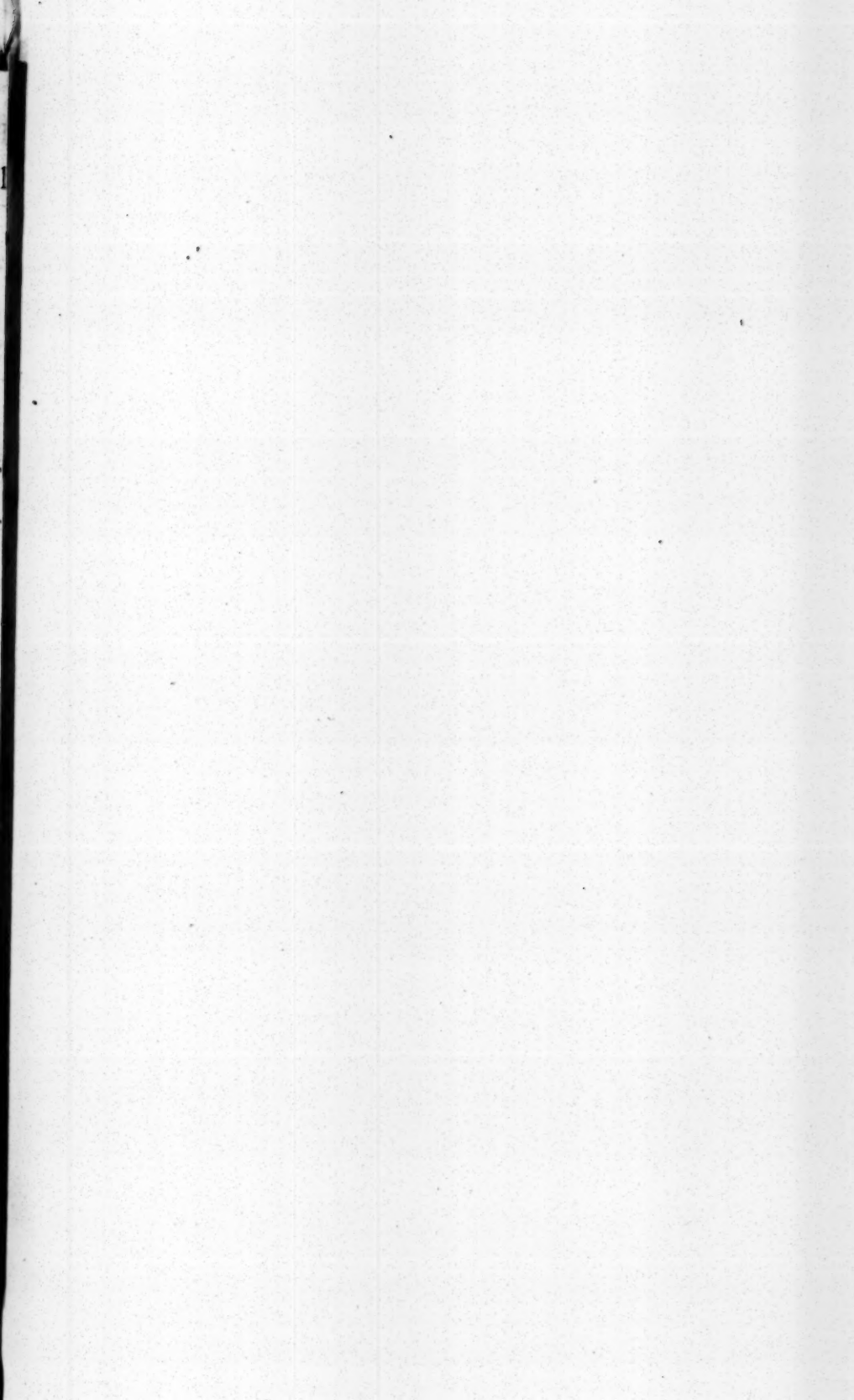
Deform'd, I ha' chose the handsomest things thus far,
 And I mary with a Witch at these years, let the Devill
 Ride my wild Mare to death; and now I
 Consider on't I wo't have the Widdow,
 For fear o'th' worst, yet I'l to her,
 And make a business on't to keep the old
 Mans Baggs in motion; this with some good
 Husbandry, and no play, may last a Fortnight,
 Tis very Gold: yes, it will pay some scores,
 Maintaine my *Negro*, and a brace of Whores.
 Now fiddles do your worst.

Exit.

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Enter Ramyres, Fernando.

Ramy. How, no success? where lies the opposition?
Don Carlos equall with my self protest
 His free desires, and to dispose his Daughter
 To meet thee with all loving entertainments.
 What can she argue to thy birth, or person,
 Attended with so plentifull a fortune?
 I must believe thy courtship dull and faulty:
 When I was at thy years and spring of blood
 I wound my self like air among the Ladies,
 Commanding every bosom, and could dwell
 Upon their lips like their own breath, their eyes
 Doubled their Beams on me, and she that was
 Of hardest composition, whom no love
 Could soften, when I came with charm of language,
 Her Frost would strait dissolve, and from her eyes
 Her heart came weeping forth to woo me take it.
Ferd. Yet you that did with a *Magstick* Chain
 Attract so many, could possess but one;
 I came not to *Don Carlos* house with cold



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Or lukewarm thoughts, but arm'd with active fire
That would have melted any heart but hers,
Bound up with ribs of treble Ice against me,
By which I found there is another fate
That governs love, against whose secret doom
In vain is eloquence or force.

Ra. So Obſtinate?

Ferd. Nothing that I could ſay
In my own cauſe, could make her tongue or looks
Promiſe an expectation to thrive
By any after ſervice, this diſdain
I did reſent, as it became my honor,
And now confirm'd againſt her pride, have thought
Of ſomething, that with your conſent, may tame
Her ſcorn, or puniſh it to her repentance.

Ra. Name it.

Ferd. She has a Kinfwoman lives with her,
Feliſarda Daughter to *Signior Teodoro*,
A trade ſall'n Merchant, Brother to *Don Carlos*,
This *Feliſ.* that now lives on the charity of her Uncle,
Half ſervant, half companion to *Iacinta*,
And fair, I would pretend to love, obſerve me fir,
And in their preſence court her as my Miſtris;
Me thinks I ſee already how *Iacinta*
Doth fret and frown.

Ra. I like it well.

Ferd. To ſee her Coſen ſo prefer'd, it is
The nature fir of women to be vext
When they know any of their ſervants court
Another, and that love they thought not worth
Their own reward, will ſting 'em to the ſoul,
VVhen ti's tranſlated where it meets with love,
And this will either break her ſtubborn heart,
Or humble her.

Ra. But what if this pretence,
By ſuch degrees convey avay your heart,

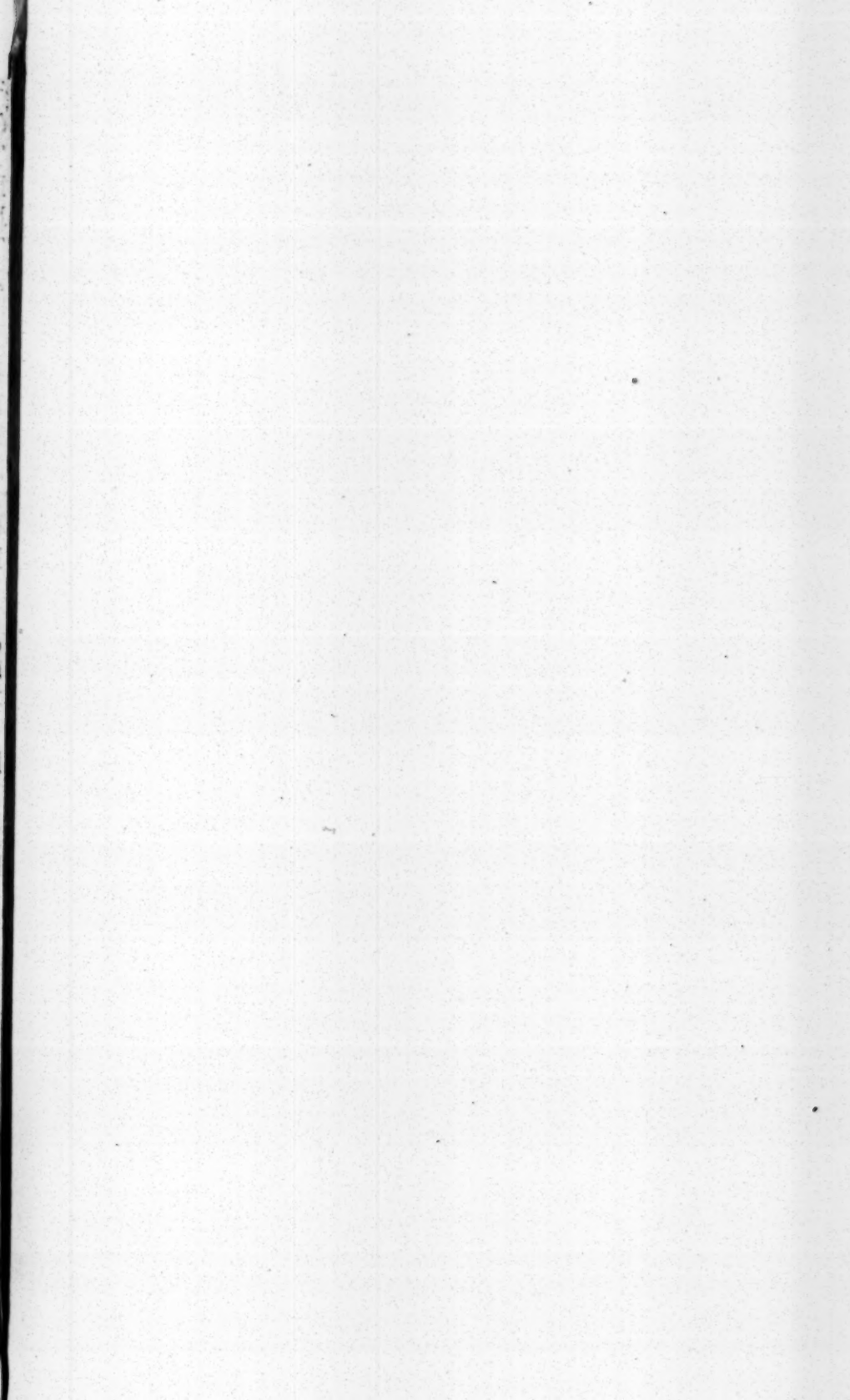
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That when *Jacinta* comes to sense, you cannot
 Retrive your passion from the last, or say
Felisarda should believe you, and give up
 Her heart to your possession, when you
 Are by your first desires invited back,
 What cure for *Felisardas* wound, if you
 Affect her not? although I like that part
 Of your revenge, I would not have my Son
 Carry the hated brand of cruelty,
 Or hear *Fernando* broke a Ladies heart;
 But live upon his clear, and honest truth,
 And if *Jacinta* have not valued him,
 Find his own estimation in some other
 By fair and noble Courtship; Virtue is
 Above the gaudy shine of Gold; and if
 My Son love where his honor cannot suffer,
 The want of Dower, I can forgive. (Father,

Ferd. You now, read excellent charity, and like a
 It is the harmony I would hear, I chide
 My fears that did suspect you would prefer
 Wealth in a Bride; there is no beauty, or estate, compar'd
 To that resulteth from the soul; I dare
 Now ope this narrow Closet, and present
 The name I love above the World, it is
 Sir *Felisarda*, equall in her blood,
 Within whose vertuous poverty
 More Treasures are containd, than in those veins
 Of earth, which opend by our slaves, do bleed
 Such floods of Gold into the lap of *Spain*.
 Pardon my long concealment of her name,
 'Twas sin against your virtue, and once more
 Speak in that blessed Language, I may hope
 To call this Virgin mine.

Ra. How long have you
 Been taken with this female holiness?

Ferd. Before *Jacinta* was propounded, this



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Took firm possession of my faith.

Ra. Thou hast discoverd thy destruction, foolish Boy.
Was this your policy to be reveng'd
Upon *Jacinta*, whom my providence
Elected to preserve our name and family,
To dote upon a Begger? thou hast flung
A fire into my brain; either resolve
To perfect my commands, and throwing off
That trifle thou hast prais'd, prefer *Jacinta*
To the best seat within thy hart, and marry her
Or live a stranger to me, and divested
Of all those rights; which nature, and thy Birth
Have flatter'd thee with hope to find; expect not
Alive, the stipend of a Groom to feed thee,
Nor dead, the naked charity of a shroud
To hide thee from the Worms.

Ferd. O sir, call back
That murdering sentence, it were sin to let
This passion dwell upon you, nor would Heaven,
Whose eyes survey our frailty, suffer
So wild a rage possess you.

Ra. 'Tis within thy own obedience to divert it.

Ferd. When you have heard what I can say more,
You will chide your fierce command.

Ra. What Riddles this?

Ferd. *Jacinta* is already made anothers, and my force
Upon her vowes, can be no less than sacrilege.

Ra. This is some new pretence.

Ferd. Sir, not to waste your patience, she hath given
Her self by holy contract to *Francisco*.

Ra. Thy younger Brother?

Ferd. This I know will calm
Your fury, and those eyes that threatend lightning
With smiles applaud *Franciscos* fate, and praise
My disobedience.

Ra. *Franciscos* Mistress?

Ferd. Hi,

Ferd. His wife confirm'd by vows, & change of hearts,
 I had it from themselves, when either strove
 Whose circumstance should credit most their story,
 Her tear or his conclusive groan, to seal
 Their marriage, but both were equall fir,
 What curse had I deserv'd, that should divorce
 This Innocent pair of lovers?

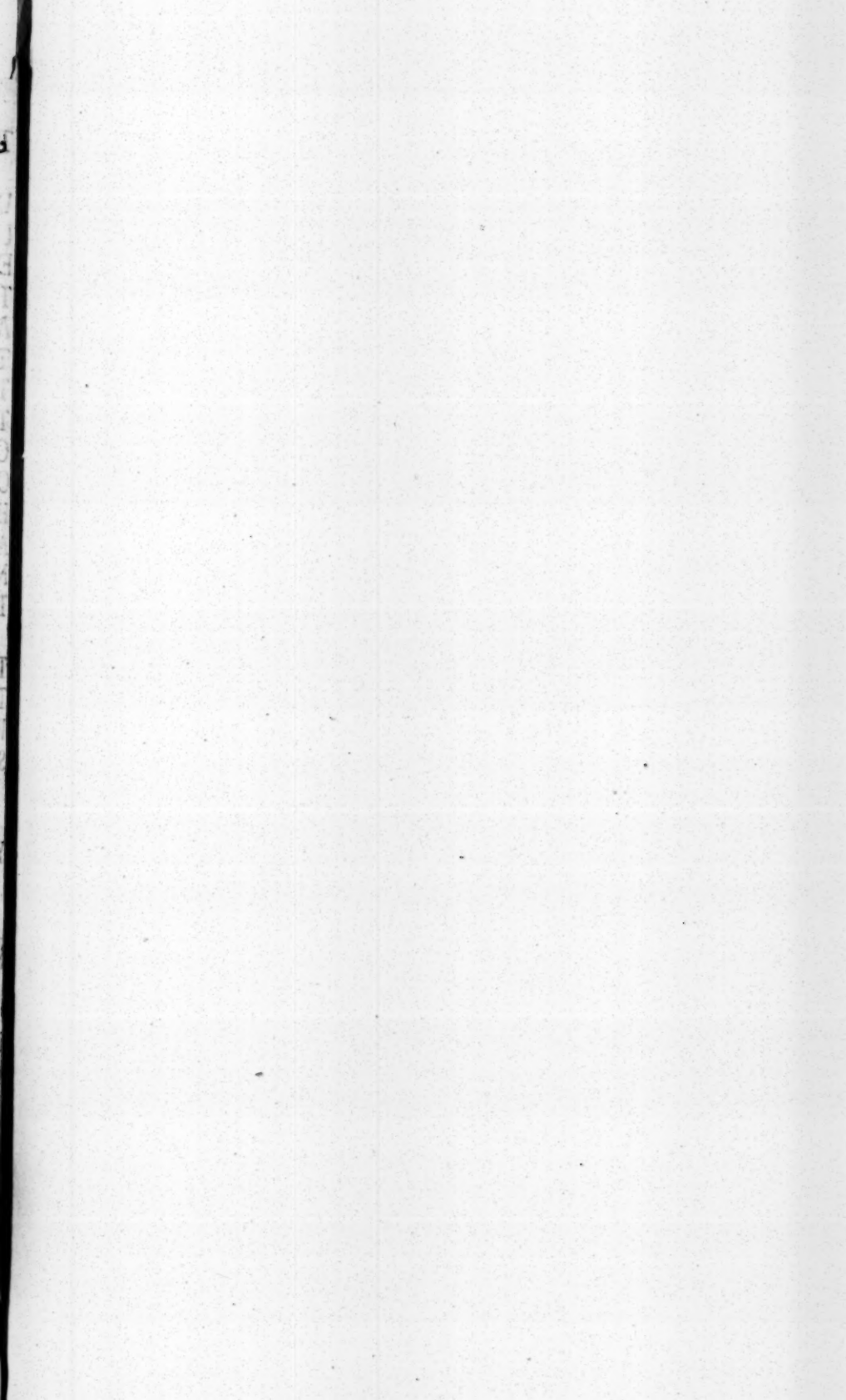
Ra. All this talk

Which foolish thou interpret'st thy defence,
 Hath but enlarg'd thy folly, and that act
 Which in *Francisco* I commend, upbraides
 Thy own degenerate baseness: shall thy brother
 Who carries all his portion in his blood
 Look high, and carefull of his honor aim
 At fortunes, and with confidence atchieve
 His glorious end, and shall his Elder brother
 Ingag'd by nearest tye to advance his name,
 Lye beating in the common tract of guls,
 And sacrifice his birth and expectations
 To a cozening face, and poverty? instead
 Of adding mon'ments, that to the world
 Should be his living Chronicle, to bury
 His own, and all the antique honors (he
 Ne'r sweat for, but were cast into his blood),
 Within a dunhill? thou hast forfeited
 Thy birthright, which *Francisco* shall inherit,
 Nor shall the loss of my Estate be all
 Thy punishment; hear and believe with horror,
 If thou renounce not her that hath bewitch'd
 Thy heart, *Felisdora*, and by such a choice
 I shall affect, redeem this scandall nobly,
Fernando from this minute I pronounce
 Heir to his Fathers curse; be vyse or perish.

Exit. Ra.

Ferd. Why does not all the stock of thunder fall?

Enter



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Enter Francisco.

Or the fierce winds from their close Caves, let loose,
Now shake me into Atoms ?

Fran. Fy noble Brother, what can so deject
Your Masculine thoughts ? is this don like *Fernando*!
Whose resolute soul so late was arm'd to fight
With all the miseries of man, and triumph
With patience of a Martyr? I observ'd
My Father late come from you.

Ferd. Yes *Francisco*,
He hath left his curse upon me.

Fran. How?

(caryes

Ferd. His curse, dost comprehend what that word
Shot from a Fathers angry breath? unless
I tear poor *Felisarda* from my heart,
He hath pronounc'd me heir to all his curses.
Does this fright thee *Francisco*? thou hast cause
To dance in soul for this, tis only I
Must lose, and mourn, thou shalt have all, I am
Degraded from my birth, while he affects
Thy forward youth, and only calls thee Son,
Son of his active spirit, and applauds
Thy progress with *Jacinta*, in whose smiles
Thou maist see all thy wishes waiting for thee,
Whilst poor *Fernando* for her sake must stand
An excommunicate from every blessing,
A thing that dare not give my self a name,
But flung into the Worlds necessities,
Untill in time with wonder of my wants
I turn a ragged statue, on whose forehead
Each clown may carve his motto.

Fran. Will it call

His blessing back if you can quit your love
To *Felisarda*? she is now a stranger
To her Unkles house, I met one of his servants
Who told me on some Jealous apprehension,

D

Don

Don Carlos had discharg'd and banish'd her.

Ferd. He could not be so barbarous.

Fran. You know her Fathers Poverty.

Ferd. And her Wealth of Virtue.

Fran. It is worth your Counsell,
To examin what you may preserve, if wisely
You could perswade your heart to love some nother—

Ferd. What was't *Francisco* said?

Fran. Whose equall Birth,
And Virtues, may invite a noble change.

Ferd. Do not you love *Jacinta*?

Fran. Most religiously.

Ferd. If you can but contrive your hearts at distance
And in contempt of honor, and your faith
Sacred to Heaven, and love, disclaim your Mistress,
I may be happy yet, what say? I know
Jacinta's Wife, and when she understands
How much it will advance, her charity---

Fra. Our case is not the same with your's good brother
Wee have been long acquainted, to contract
Affections, if I understand, your loves
Are young, and had no time for growth.

Ferd. Do not wound me.
Tis false, by Love it self thou hast deserv'd
I should forget thee now; dost thou consider
Love, (that doth make all harmony in our soul,
And seated in that noblest place of life,
The heart) with things that are the slaves of time,
And that like common seedes, thrown into Earth,
It must have leisure to corrupt, and after
Much expectation, rise to name and vigor.
Love is not like the child that grows, and gets
By slow degrees perfection, but created
Like the first man, at full strength the first minute,
It makes a noble choice, and gains from time
To be call'd only constant, not increas'd.

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Preserve thy own affections, and think mine
Noble as they, I shall suspect thy love
To me else; prethee leave me.

Fran. I'll obey,
And study how to serve you.

Exit.

Enter Felisarda.

Ferd. Ha, tis *Felisarda*.

(*shall*)

Felis. Turn'd out like one that had been false, where
Poor *Felisarda* wander? were it not
To ask a Fathers blessing, I would visit
Some WilderNESS, e'r thus present my self
His burden and his sorrow.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Had you no relation to *Jacinta* pretty one?

Felis. I was her servant.

Ped. Come, you shall be my Mistress; they have us'd
Thee scurvily, I will provide thee a lodging.

Felis. I shall not use your bounty fir for that.

Ped. Thou art a handsome *Dona*, here's a Pistollet,
Meet me i'th' evening; wot?

Felis. Where, and for what? (honor:

Ped. The where, at thy own choice, the what, thy

Felis. You are not noble.

Ped. *Don Pedro* will Embrace thy buxom body.

Ferd. You must unhand this Virgin.

Felis. For goodness Sir,
Add not your anger to my sufferings.

Unhappy *Felisarda*.

Ped. Is she a friend of yours Signior?

Ferd. She is not for your sinfull knowledge *Don*.

Ped. *Basen los manos, adios Signiora. Diabolo!*

My blood is high and hot, unless I marry timely,
I must seek out a Female Julip.

Exit.

Felis. *Don Carlo's* fear of you was my first error,
But I accept my banishment, and shall
Humble my self to my poor Fathers Fortune;

You will be fir dishonour'd to be seen
With such a walking misery.

Ferd. Thy Unkle

Hath plaid the Tyrant with thee, but lose not
Thy vertuous courage; how our stories meet
And challenge kindred in affliction!

Oh *Felisarda*! I do suffer too,

And for thy sake, thou shalt know more; til I
Salute thee at thy Fathers house, preserve
Good thoughts of thy *Fernando*, and accept
This litle Gold, no bribe against thy honor.

Felis. My best return must be, my Prayers.

Exit.

Ferd. Farewell.

Tis not impossible my Father may
Retract his cruelty, and by time, and some
Discreet wayes yet be wrought to like, what now
His passion wo'not let him see, her virtue.
How many Seas are met to wrastle here?

Exit.

Enter Jacinta and Alberto.

Jac. I love you fir so well, that I could wi sh
You were a Witch;

Alb. A Witch, your reason Lady?

Jac. Then twere within the circle of your art
By some device to rid me of *Don Pedro*,
Or if you could by any spell but get
My Father disaffect him---

(his

Alber. A Witch? thats a way about, I were best cut
Throat a little.

Jac. You're much beholding to my Brother fir,
He still commends you; such an Advocate
Deserves his fee.

Alb. Unless my cause succeed
He has been feed too much; your Brother, Lady,
Preserves a noble friendship; if I were sure
You would be mine *Jacinta*, I could tarry
Till your Father dye.

Jac. But

Iac. But how can you procure
Don Pedro to have patience so long,
 Whom my Father pleads for and prefers?

Alber. There, ther's the mischief, I must poison him;
 One Fig sends him to *Erebus*, tis in
 Your power and wit to spin out time, I may
 Invent a means for his conveyance. Ha!

Enter Carlos, Estefania, Luys.

Ia. The Lady *Estefania*.

Car. Welcome again,
 This is an honour to us, where's *Iacinta*?
 Salute this noble Lady. Ha, *Luys*,
 Hast thou prevail'd already?

Luys I'm i'th' way you see,
 She has not been observ'd they say to walk
 So freely with some men that boast more favour.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. What makes the Lady *Estefania* here?
 I like not their converse, this day is ominous. *Exit.*

Car. Was't not the Count *Don Pedro* that retir'd?
 VVhat object here displeas'd him?

Alber. Ha, ha, didst see the *Don*?

Car. Preserve your mirth---I must be satisfied. *Exit.*

Luys I'll lay a thousand Ducats that my coſtive
Don has been tampering with my VViddow, I
 Observ'd (when I by chance let fall discourse)
 How much he was an amorous servant to
Iacinta, she chang'd her colour and did make
 Such business how my Sister did affect him,
 That I may guess, though I make use on't otherwise
 To the old man, to keep the pulses of
 His Purse in play, she came to examin chiefly
 How matters here proceeded; well, if she love him——

Alber. Shee is thy Mistris.

Luys My Mistris? yes, but any man shall marry her.

Alb. How?

Luis. She is a Widdow, *Don*, consider that,
Has buried one vvas thought a *Hercules*,
Tyvo cubits taller, and a man that cut (too,
Three Inches deeper in the say, than I, consider that
She may be cock a tyventy, nay for ought
I know she is Immortall.

Alb. What dost vvith her?

Luis. Faith nothing yet,
And have but little hope, I think thee's honest.

Alb. Do's she love thee?

Luis. At her ovvn perill, vv'are not come to articles;
There is no vvit in vviving, give me a vvhore;
But that I ovv thee money, thou shouldst never
Marry my Sister neither?

Alb. Not *Jacinta*?

Luis. No, nor any other sinpering piece of honesty,
If I might counsell thee, vvwhile any vvench
Were extant, and the stews inhabited;
Is't fit, a Freeborn Gentleman should be chain'd
Tenant for l life to one? Hang marriage shackles;
Ty the Tovvn Buls to'th'stack, vve must have concubins.

Jac. *Don Pedro* vvas too blame, and trust me Madam
He shall find nothing here t' advance his triumph.

Estef. You are Virtuous *Jacinta*; I presum'd
When I should land my sufferings on your knowvledge,
You vvould excuse my unexpected visit.

Jac. My Brother has been Just in the relation
Hovv he pursues my love, but I shall be
Happy to serve your Justice, and must tell
The noble *Estefania*, my heart,
By all that love can teach to bind a faith,
Is plac'd vvhere it shall never injure vvhat
Your mutuall vovvs contracted; I smile not
With mine ovvn eyes upon him; 'tis my Fathers
Severe command to love him, but this story
Cleer'd to my Father vvould secure us both.

Estef. If

Esfef. If any faith or service in me can
Deserve this goodness, cheerfully employ it.

Jac. I will be confident to use your Virtue.

Enter Carlos.

Esfef. I will refuse no office.

Jac. My Father comes most aptly.

Alb. Ha, ha, ha, have pity on my spleen,
I shall crack a rib else, ha, ha, ha.

Car. You are very mery, *Don Alberto*; Son,
You may be of the counsell too, this house
Is mine I take it, I advise you would
Frequent it less.

Alb. How Sir?

Car. I do not like your visits,
And to remove the cause, my Daughter is
Already sir dispos'd, to one above
Your birth and fortune, so fare-you-well.
You understand, now laugh and pick your teeth.
Daughter-----

Alb. Did you hear this *Luys*?

Luys I, the old man raves.

Alber. Must not frequent his house.

Luys Would 'twere in a flame, so his mony and I
Were out on't.

Alb. But thy Sister--

Luys Would be refin'd i'th' fire, let her burn too.

Alb. My friend, if I have not *Jacinta*,
There are certain sums of money-- (uncertain.

Luys I am not of your mind *Don*, the sums are most
Come, you did laugh too loud, my Father is
A Stoick, but despair not; go to your lodging,
I'll see thee anon, and either bring thee money
Or else some reasons why I do not bring it,
We won't go to Law, I'll pawn the widdow
Rather than thou shalt want; go say thy prayers,
And shew thy teeth no more, till I come to thee.

Now the business here?

Exit Alber.

Car. Wee have agreed *Jacinta*,
And he to morrow privately
Will at the Church expect thee; tis an age
Till I salute the Bride to this great *Don*,
Whose thoughts are wing'd t' enjoy thee, and resolve
No more delay, prepare to meet this Honor.

Luis To morrow? this must be crost.

Car. My next ambition Madam will be perfect
To call you by some nearer name; my Son--

Est. Is a most noble Gentleman, I know not
Where lives so clear a merit.

Luis. Oh sweet Madam.

Car. *Jacinta*.

Luis I have a suite to you.

Est. To me?

Luis Only that you would not dote too much upon
A gentle easie sober pace in love
Goes far, and is much better than a gallop; if you please
We may hold one another in hand, and love
This seven yeares, without sealing and delivering.

Est. Withall my heart.

Luis You'l do me a pleasure Madam.

Est. You instruct well.

Luis This Courtship is not common.

Est. I confess it.

Car. Son *Luis*.

Luis Sir.

Car. Let her not cool.

Luis And she do,

I know the way to heat her again.

Est. I will not yet reveal my abuse *Jacinta*,
And if you please to favor a design,
I have a plot may serve to both our happiness.

Jac. I'l obey.

There is a trembling in my heart.

Car. You

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Car. You must not leave us yet Madam.

Est. You may command me.

(*pannier*)

Luis My *Don* so rampart, ther's something in this
Shall spoil your match to morow; *Don Alberto*,
When I disclose, shall worship me: be drunk,
Cancell arreers, and beg to lend more money.

Exe:

ACT IV.

Enter Ramyres, Francisco & Notarie.

Ra. 'Tis most exactly done, and firm.

Notar. I could,

Omiting or inserting but a word, or particle,

Trouble the whole conveyance,

And make work for the law till doom's-day: but—

Fran. Is't possible?

Notar. You do not know the quirks of a Scrivano,

A dash undoes a Family, a point,

An artificiall accent i'th wrong place,

Shall poyson an Estate, translate your Land

In *Spain* now into either of both *Indies*,

In less time than our Gallions of Plate

Are sayling hither; but you are my friend,

And noble benefactor.

Ramy. Ther's more for your reward.

Notar. I humbly thank you Signior. *Su Criado.*

Fran. Farewell.

Notar. *Su Servidor.*

Exit.

Ramy. This deed makes thee my Heir *Francisco*, and

Will like a powerfull spell upon *Don Carlos*,

Whose soul is superstitious upon Wealth,

Win his consent to make *Jacinta* thine.

Fran. Sir, I cannot say my duty shall deserve it:
Since nature, and religion, without all

This

This bounty challenges my best obedience.

Enter Fernando.

Ramy Away, thy sight
Is my disease.

Fer. Your blessing sir I kneel for.

Ramy. What Impudence is this? wilt thou subscribe
To take off mine, thy curse on *Feliscarda*?
For I do hate her heartily; disclaim
All promise, contract, or converse for ever,
I'm else inexorable.

Fer. Sir.

Ramy. His eyes shoot poison at me, ha? he has
Bewitched me sure, what coldness thus invades me?
Ther's something creeping to my heart. *Francisco*? ha?
Possess this gift of thy Inheritance;
Convey me to my chamber, oh—*Fernando*,
If thou dost hope I should take off my curse,
Do not approach my sight, unless I send for thee.

Fran. Forbear good Brother; *Diego*, *Roderigo*,
Your hands t' assist my Father, one go for his
Physician.

Enter two Servants.

Fer This turn is fatal, and affrights me, but
Heaven has more charity than to let him die
With such a hard heart, 'twere a sin, next his
Want of compassion, to suspect he can
Take his Eternall flight and leave *Fernando*
This desperate Legacie, he will change
The curse into some little prayer I hope,
And then——

Enter Servant and Physician.

Serv. Make haste I beseech you Doctor.

Phys. Noble *Fernando*.

Fer. As you would have men think your art is meant
Not to abuse mankind, employ it all
To cure my poor sick Father.

Phys. Fear

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Phis. Fear it not fir.

Ex. Phys. Serv.

Fer. But there is more than your thin skill requir'd
To state a health, your Recipes perplex't
With tough names, are but mockeries, and noise,
Without some dew from Heaven, to mix and make 'em

Enter Servant.

Thrive, in the application: what now?

Ser. Oh fir, I am sent for the Confessor,
The Doctor fears him much, your Brother saies
You must have patience, and not Enter Sir;
Your Father is a going, good old man,
And having made him Heir, is loth your presence
Should interrupt his Journey.

Exit.

Fer. Francisco may be honest, yet me thinks
It would become his love to interpose
For my access, at such a needfull hour,
And mediate for my blessing, not assist
Unkindly thus my banishment. I'll not
Be lost so tamely, shall my Father dye
And not *Fernando* take his leave——I dare not.
If thou dost hope I should take off this curse,
Do not approach untill I send——'twas so,
And 'tis a law that binds above my blood.

Enter Confessor and Servant.

Make hast good Father, and if heaven deny
Him life, let not his charity dye too.
One curse may sink us both, say how I kneel
And beg he would bequeath me but his blessings,
Then though *Francisco* be his Heir, I shall
Live happy, and take comfort in my tears,
When I remember him so kind a Father.

Confes. It is my duty.

Exit.

Fer. Do your holy office.
Those fond Philosophers that magnific
Our human nature, and did boast we had

Such

Such a prerogative in our rationall soul,
 Convert but little with the World, confin'd
 To cells, and unfrequented woods, they knew not
 The fierce vexation of community,
 Else they had taught, our reason is our loss,
 And but a priviledge that exceedeth sense,
 By nearer apprehension, of what wounds,
 To know our selves most miserable. My heart

Enter Physician and Francisco.

Is teeming with new fears---Ha, is he dead?

Phy. Not dead, but in a desperate condition,
 And so that little breath remaines wee have
 Remitted to his Confessor, whose Office
 Is all that's left.

Fran. Is there no hope of life then ?

Phyf. None.

- *Fer.* Is he not mercifull to *Fernando* yet ? no talk of (me

Phyf. I find he takes no pleasure
 To hear you nam'd: *Francisco* to us all
 He did confirm his Heir, with many blessings.

Fer. And not one left for me ? oh take me in
 Thou gentle Earth, and let me creep through all
 Thy dark and hollow crannies, till I find
 Another way to come into the World,
 For all the Air I breath-in here is poyson'd.

Fran Wee must have patience Brother, it was no
 Ambitious thought of mine to supplant you;
 He may live yet, and you be reconcil'd.

Fer. That was some kindness yet *Francisco*; but
 I charge thee by the nearness of our blood,
 When I am made this mockery, and wonder,
 I know not where to find out charity,
 If unawares a chance direct my weary
 And wither'd Feet to some fair House of thine,
 Where plenty with full blessings crowns thy table,
 If my thin face betray my want of food,

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Do not despise me, cause 'I was thy Brother.

Enter Confessor.

Fran. Leave these imagin'd horrors, I must not live when my Brother is thus miserable.

Fer. Ther's something in that face looks comfortably.

Confes. Your Father firis dead, his will to make *Francisco* the sole Master of his Fortunes now irrevocable, a small Pension he hath given you for life, which with his blessing is all the benefit I bring.

Fer. Ha, blessing; speak it agen good Father.

Confes. I did apply some lenitives to soften his anger, and prevail'd; your Father hath Revers'd that heavy censure of his curse, And in the place bequeath'd his prayer and blessing.

Fer. I am new created by his charity.

Confes. Some ceremonies are behind, he did desire to be interr'd within our Covent, And left his Sepulture to me, I am confident your pieties will give me leave---

Fran. His will in all things I obey, and yours Most reverend Father; order as you please His Body; wee may after celebrate With all due obsequies his Funerall.

Fer. Why you alone obey? I am your Brother: My Fathers Eldest Son, though not his Heir.

Fran. It pleas'd my Father fir to think me worthy Of such a title, you shall find me kind, If you can look on matters without Envie.

Fer. If I can look on matters without Envie?

Fran. You may live here still.

Fer. I may live here *Francisco*?

Enter a Gentleman with a letter

Conditions? I would not understand This Dialect.

Fran. With

Fran. With me, from Madam *Estefania*?

Gent. If you be Signior *Francisco*. (now.

Fer. Sleighted? I find my Father was not dead till
Croud not you Jealous thoughts so thick into
My Brain, lest you do tempt me to an Act
Will forfeit all agen. (sweet

Fran. This is *Jacintas* character [Reads] -- Fail not to
As you timely will prevent the danger of my rape.
My soul! *Estefania* can instruct you all particulars. —
My service to your Lady, say I shall obey her commands.

Exit Gent.

Fer. Is that an Inventory you peruse?

Fran. *Fernando* you must pardon me, ther's something
Of Essence to my life, exacts my care,
And person, I must leave you, we may seasonably
Confer of things at my return. *Jacinta.* *Exit.*

Fer. Tis clear I am neglected, he did name
Jacinta too, in triumph, and is gone,
Big with his glories to divide 'em there,
And laugh at what my constant love hath made me.
My heart is in a storm, and day growes black,
Ther's not a star in Heaven will lend a beam
To light me to my ruine. *Felisarda*!
That name is both my haven, and my shipwrack. *Exit.*

Enter Alberto and Luys.

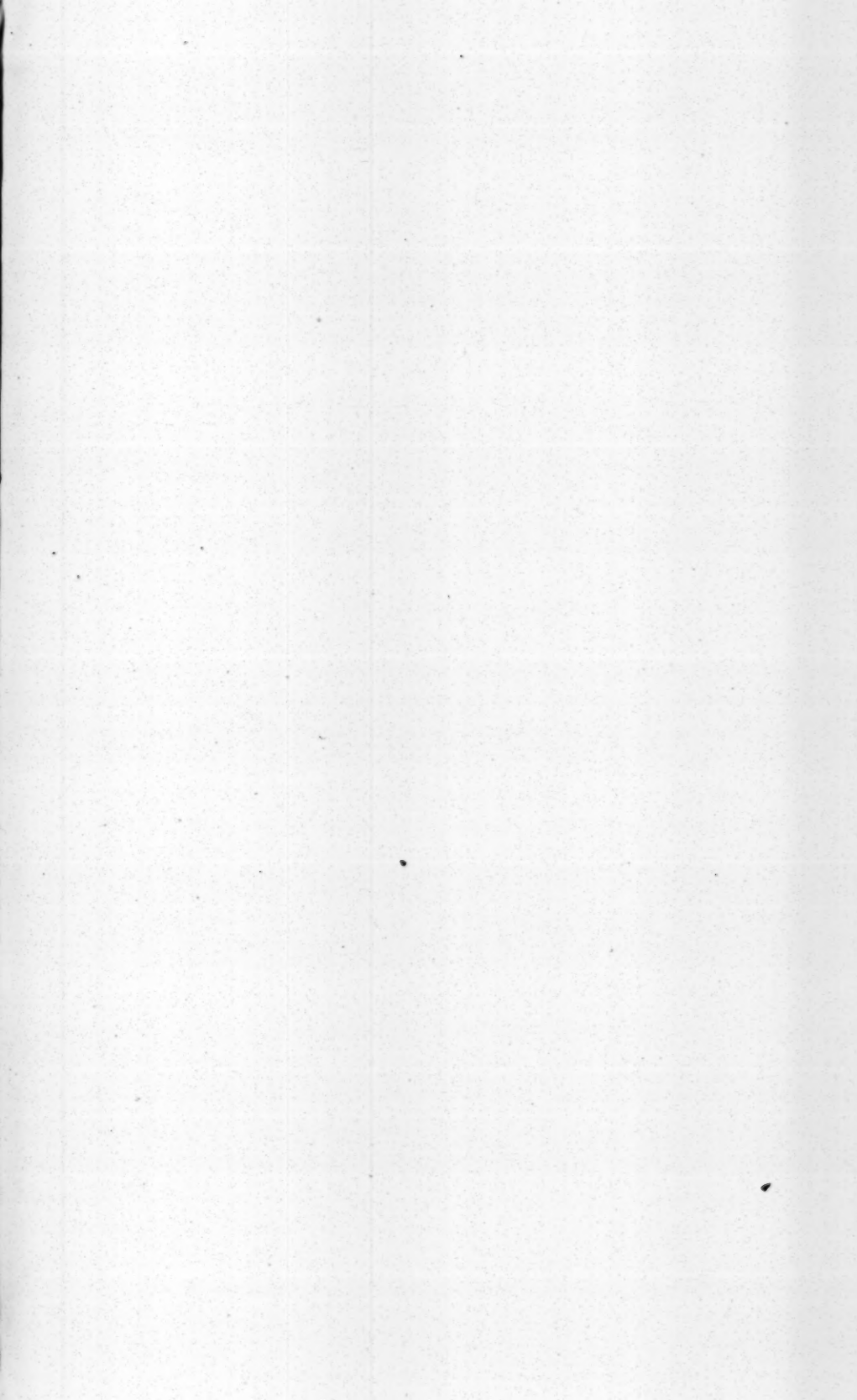
Alb. Excellent.

Luys You'l give me now a generall release
For all the sums I ow you?

Alb. Thou hast blest me.

Luys. I was born to do you good; about it presently
Now you know where to ambush, away I say
And get comrads : *Jacinta* and my Mother
Is all the carriage, you may know the coach
By the old womans cough ere it come neer you,
She has a desperate malice to one tooth left
Still in her gums, till she has shook that out;

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You wo't need a warning peece, farewell. (me;

Alb. Farewel, why whats the matter? you shanot leave
Thy Mother wo't know thee in a Visard.

Lays You must excuse me friend, I would Joyn w'ee
Th' surprise, but that —

Alb. What I prethee?

Lays I have extraordinary business, that concerns me
As neer as life.

Alb. May not I know't? thou art going
To the Widdow now, thy Mistris.

Lu. Tis a business of more consequence;
Dost think I would leave thee, and there were not
Such a necessity?

Alb. For what?

Lays And there were no more Sisters in the World,
You must excuse me.

Alb. Nay, nay, we must not part, unless I know
This mystery, some reason vvhy you leave me.

Lays If you vvill needs knowv, there's a vvench staies
The toy I told thee on; farevvell *Alberto.* (for me,

Alb. But vvill you leave such business and a friend?

Lays Business? art thou a Gentleman & vvouldst have
Me leave a Ladie I ha'not seen this three year
For business or a friend?

I must to her; if I had a heart

Ten Tun of Iron,

This Female Adamant vvould dravv it to her,

I feel it going; I do tell thee *Don,*

There is no business so materiall

In nature as a vvench, and if thou art my friend

Thou vvouldst leave my Sister novv in such a cause

And bear me company, I must be drunk,

And she must pick my pocket too, that is

Another secret vvhen vve meet together

That never failes.

Alb. Why art thou desperator

Dost

Dost not thou fear thy body?

Luis A wench is Physick
My body has been us'd too, leave thy prating,
And let me take my course.

Alb. And you be so resolute ———

Luis I must give you one advice before you go;
VVhen my Sister's in thy custody, observe
The time and place, and things convenient,
And stand not fooling about ceremonies
But put her to't.

Alb. Thou wouldst not have me ravish her?

Luis. Yes but I would,
Shee's no Sister of mine if she cry out
For such a business, she has more wit.

Alb. VVas ever such a mad-cap.

Luis I'll not pray for thee.

Alb. I sha'not prosper if thou dost.

Luis Thy hand, Ile drink thy health, & hang thy self.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iacinta and Estefania.

Iac. You tell me wonders Madam, *Don Ramyres*
Dead, his Son *Fernando* disinherited,
And young *Francisco* made his heir?

Estef. I took
Franciscos word.

Iac. Tis strange.

Estef. Your stars smile on you.

Iac. Yet I much pitty the poor Gentleman.

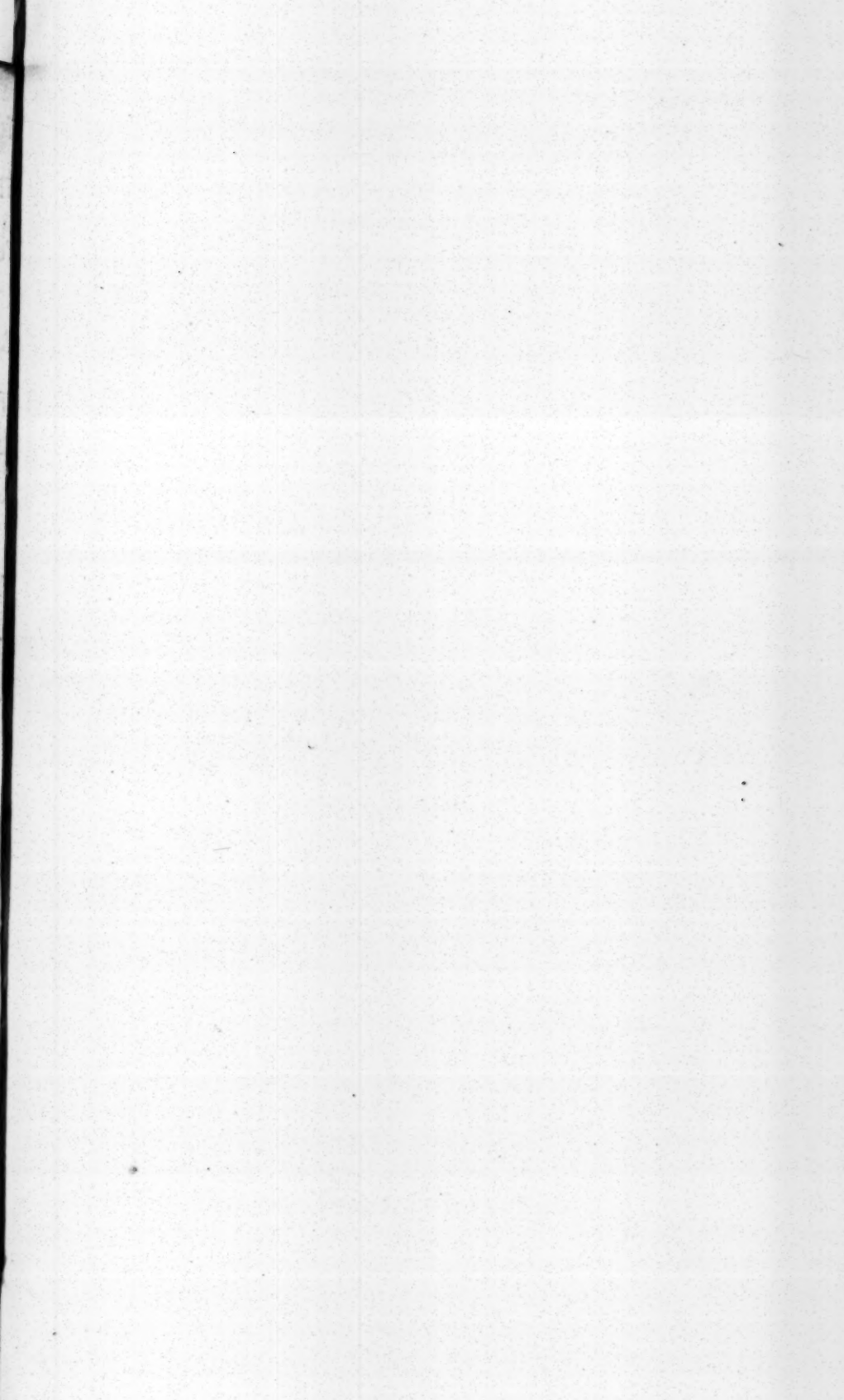
Est. Busie your thought about your own, *Francisco*—

Ia. Hath promis'd not to fail?

Est. He waits where he can easily observe
How soon the coast is clear to visit you.

Ia. So, so, thus hooded
The day cannot distinguish our two faces,
And for your voice, you know how to disguise it
By imitation of my cold and hoarseness,

And



And when you come to Church —

Este. Let me alone, there I'll produce the Contract,
Which will surprise *Don Pedro*, and your Father,
To see me challenge him, I ha' prepar'd the Priest too,
Whose holy Eloquence may assist, how ever
This will give you opportunity to perfect
Your wishes with your servant, put the rest
To fate *Jacinta*.

Jac. I hear some approach, retire into my Closet.—

Enter Carlos and Pedro.

Car. Jacinta. *Jac.* Sir.

Car. Not thy voice recover'd ?

Ja. A violent cold —

Car. Count *Pedro* must salute you ere we go.

Pedro. Impute it to devotion, that I make
Such haste to be within thy arms,
One kiss and I shall carry with me
Another soul, and count with Joy the minutes'
I am to expect this happiness. (Coach;

Car. Jacinta you follow with your Mother in the
My Lord I wait you. *Ped.* Ther's Heaven upon her lip.

Iac. He has kiss'd, and took his leave I hope.

Enter Estefania.

I must owe all my happiness to you sweet Madam,
I had been lost without your art to help me.

Este. Love wo't not leave his votaries.

Cough

Iac. I hear my Mothers cough, I ha' finish'd
And you must act your part:

within.

Exit.

Enter Alsimira.

Alf. Come are you ready Daughter? the Coach stays.

Esty. I attend

(sing.

Alfi. *Don Pedro* will cure your cold before the morn—

Enter Francisco and takes away Iacinta.

Enter Teodoro and Felisarda.

Teo. What duty *Felisarda* shall we pay

To Heaven for this last care of us?
 Let not thy eyes,
 Although thy grief become ^{em}, be in love
 With tears, I Prophesie a joy shall weigh
 Down all our sufferings, I see comfort break
 Like day, whose forehead cheers the world; if *Don*
Fernando love thee, he is a Gentleman,
 Confirm'd in all that's honorable, and cannot
 Forget whom his own vertue hath made choice
 To shine upon.

Felis. Unless my Innocence,
 Apt to believe a flattering tongue, see not
 The Serpent couch, and hide his speckled brest
 Among the flowers; but it were sin to think
 He can dissemble, Father, and I know not,
 Since I was first the object of his charity,
 I find a pious gratitude disperse
 Within my soul, and every thought of him
 Engenders a warm sigh within me, which
 Like curls of holy Incense overtake
 Each other in my bosom, and enlarge
 With their Embrace his sweet remembrance.

Teo. Cherish
 Those thoughts, and where such noble worth invites,
 Be bold to call it love.

Felis. It is too much
 Ambition to hope he should be just
 To me, or keep his honor, when I look on
 The pale complexion of my wants; and yet
 Unless he loves me dearly, I am lost,
 And if he have but mock'd me into faith,
 He might as well have murdered me, for I
 Shall have no heart to live, if his neglect
 Deface what my affection printed there.

Teo. There is no feare of his revolt, lose not
 His character. I must attend some business.

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If *Don Fernando* visit thee, preserve
His fair opinion, and thou maist live
Above thy Uncles pitty. *Felis.* Will you leave me?

Teo. My stay shall not be long; the Garden will
With smiling flowres encourage thee to walk,
And raise thy drooping eyes, with hope to see
A spring like theirs, upon thee. *Exit.*

Felis. Why should I
Give any entertainment to my fears?
Suspensions are but like the shape of clouds,
And idle forms i'th' air, we make to fright us.
I will admit no jealous thought to wound
Fernandos truth, but with that chearfullness,
My own first clear intents to honour him
Can arm me with, expect to meet his faith
As noble as he promis'd — Ha! tis he.

Enter Fernando.

My poor heart trembles like a timorous leaf,
Which the wind shakes upon his sickly stalk,
And frights into a Palsey. *Fer. Felisardus!*

Felis. Shall I want fortitude to bid him welcome?
Sir, if you think there is a heart alive
That can be gratefull, and with humble thoughts,
And Prayers reward your piety, despise not
The offer of it here; you have not cast
Your bounty on a Rock, while the seeds thrive
Where you did place your Charity; my joy
May seem ill drest to come like sorrow thus,
But you may see through every tear, and find
My eyes meant Innocence, and your hearty welcome.

Fer. Who did prepare thee *Felisardus* thus
To entertain me weeping? sure our soules
Meet and converse, and we not know't; there is
Such beauty in that watry circle, I
Am fearfull to come neer, and breath a kiss
Upon thy cheek, lest I pollute that Crisfall,

And yet I must salute thee, and I dare
With one warme sigh meet, and dry up this sorrow.

Felis. I shall forget all misery; for when
I look upon the World, and race of men,
I find 'em proud, and all so unacquainted
With pittie to such miserable things
As poverty hath made us, that I must
Conclude you sent from Heaven.

Fer. Oh do not Flatter
Thy self poor *Felisarda*; I'm Mortall,
The life I hear about me is not mine,
But borrow'd to come to thee once again,
And ere I go, to clear how much I love thee---
But first I have a story to deliver,
A tale will make thee sad, but I must tell it,
There is one dead that lov'd thee not.

Felis. One dead
That lov'd not me? this carries fir in nature
No killing sound; I shall be sad to know
I did deserve an Enemy, or he want
A Charity at death.

Fer. Thy cruell Enemy,
And my best friend, hath took Eternall leave
And's gone, to heaven I hope, excuse my tears,
It is a tribute I must pay his memory,
For I did love my Father.

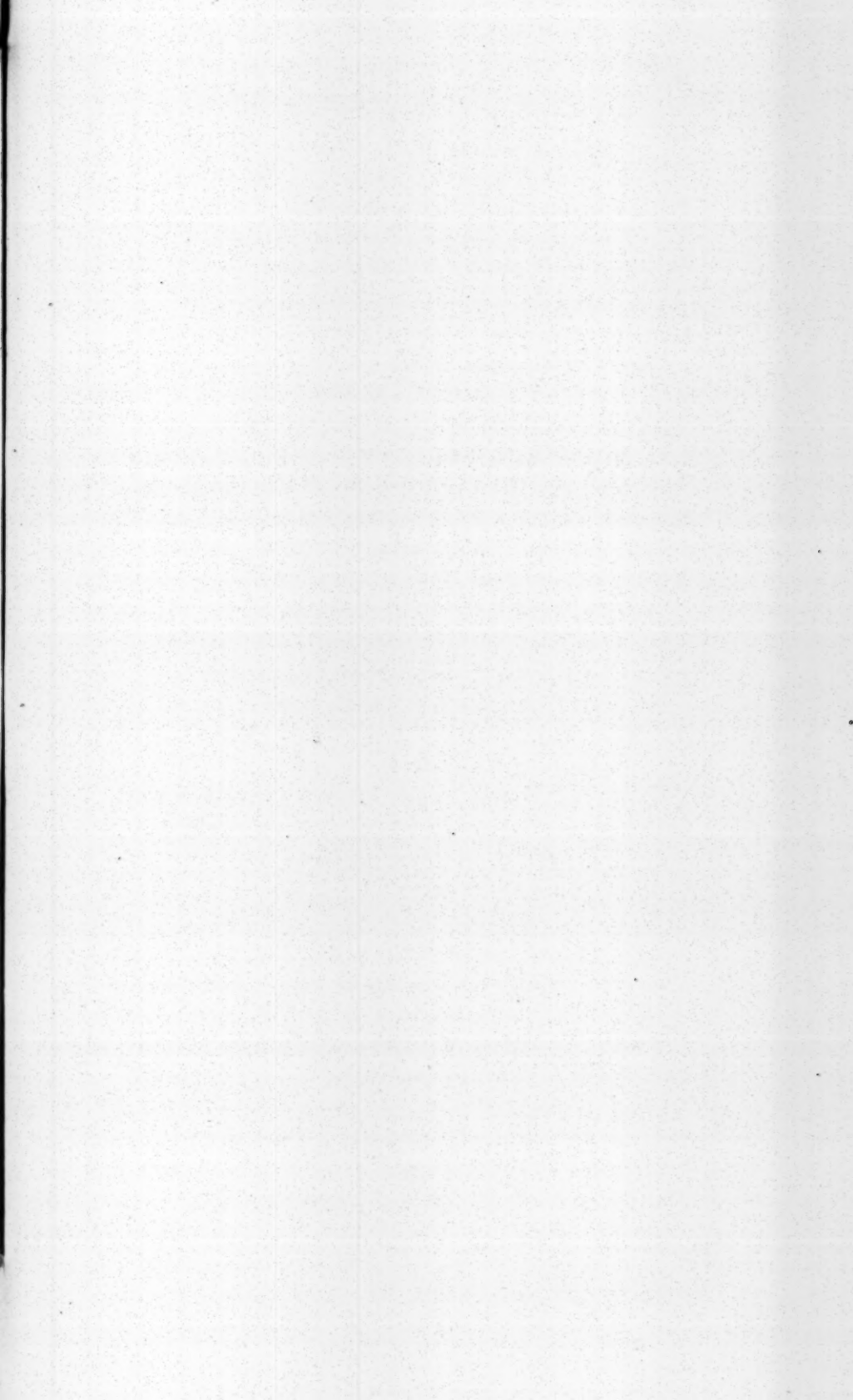
Felis. Ha! your Father?

Fer. Yes *Felisarda*, he is gone, that in
The morning promis'd many years, but death
Hath in few hours made him as stiff, as all
The winds, and winter, had thrown cold upon him,
And wisper'd him to marble.

Felis. Now trust me,
My heart weepes for him, but I understand
Not how I was concern'd in his displeasure;
And in such height as you profess.

Fer. He did

Com-



Command me on his blessing to forsake thee;
Was't not a cruell precept, to inforce
The soul, and curse his Son for honest love?

Felis. This is a wound indeed.

Fer. But not so mortall;

For his last breath was Balsom pour'd upon it,
By which he did reverse his malediction;
And I that groan'd beneath the weight of that
Anathema, sunk almost to despair,
Where night and heavy shades hung round about me,
Found my self rising like the morning Star
To view the World.

Felis. Never I hope to be
Eclips'd agen. *Fer.* This was a welcom blessing.

Fe. Heaven had a care of both; my joyes are mighty.
Vouchsafe me fir your pardon if I blush
And say I love, but rather than the peace
That should preserve your bosom, suffer for
My sake, 'twere better I were dead.

Fer. No, live.

And live for ever happy, thou deserved'st it.
It is *Fernando* doth make hast to sleep
In his forgotten dust.

Felis. Those accents did
Not sound so cheerfully.

Fer. dost love me?

Felis. Sir.

Fer. Do not, I prethee do not, I am lost,
Alas I am no more *Fernando*, there
Is nothing but the Empty name of him
That did betray thee, place a guard about
Thy heart betime, I am not worth this sweetness.

Felis. Did not *Fernando* speak all this? alas
He knew that I was poor before, and needed not
Despise me now for that.

Fer. Desert me goodness

When I upbraid thy wants. 'Tis I am poor,
 For I ha' not a stock in all the World
 Of so much dust, as would contrive one narrow
 Cabin to shroud a worn; my dying Father
 Hath given away my Birthright to *Francisco*.
 I'm disinherited, thrown out of all;
 But the small Earth I borrow, thus to walk on;
 And having nothing left, I come to kiss thee,
 And take my everlasting leave of thee too.
 Farewell, this will perswade thee to consent
 To my Eternall absence.

Felis. I must beseech you stay a little sir,
 And clear my faith. Hath your displeased Father
 Depriv'd you then of all, and made *Francisco*
 The Lord of your Inheritance, without hope
 To be repair'd in Fortune?

Fer. 'Tis sad truth.

Felis. This is a happiness I did not look for.

Fer. A happiness?

Felis. Yes Sir, a happiness.

Fer. Can *Felis* take delight to hear
 What hath undone her servant?

Felis. Heaven avert it.

But 'tis not worth my grief to be assur'd
 That this will bring me nearer now to him
 Whom I most honor of the World; and tis
 My pride, if you exceed me not in Fortune,
 That I can boast my heart, as high, and rich,
 With noble flame, and every way your equal,
 And if you be as poor as I *Fernando*,
 I can deserve you now, and love you more
 Than when your expectation carried all
 The pride and blossoms of the spring upon it. (cries)

Fer. Those shadowes will not feed more than our fan-
 Two poverties will keep but a thin table;
 And while wee dream of this high nourishment,

Wee do but starve more gloriously. *Felis.* 'Tis ease.
 And wealth first taught us art to surfeit by ;
 Nature is wise, not costly, and will spread
 A table for us in the Wilderness;
 And the kind Earth keep us alive, and healthfull,
 With what her bosom doth invite us to ;
 The brooks, not there suspected as the Wine
 That sometime Princes quaff, are all transparent,
 And with their pretty murmurs call to tast 'em.
 In every tree a *Chorister* to sing
 Health to our loves, our lives shall there be free
 As the first knowledge was from sin, and all
 Our dreams as Innocent. *Fer.* Oh *Felisarda*?
 If thou didst own less Virtue, I might prove
 Unkind and marry thee, but being so rich
 In goodness, it becomes me not to bring
 One that is poor, in every vworth, to vvaist
 So excellent a Dower, be free, and meet
 One that hath Wealth to cherish it, I shall
 Undo thee quite, but pray for me, as I,
 That thou maist change for a more happy Bridgroom;
 I dare as soon be guilty of my death,
 As make thee miserable by expecting me.
 Farwell, and do not wrong my soul, to think
 That any storm, could separate us two,
 But that I have no fortune now to serve thee.

Felis. This will be no exception sir, I hope,
 When wee are both dead, yet our bodies may
 Be cold, and strangers in the Winding sheet ;
 We shall be married when our spirits meets. *Exeunt.*

A& V.

Enter Carlos, Pedro.

Pe. Your daughter does not use me well *Don Carlos.*

Car. I know not what to think,

Some great misfortune must be the cause.

Ped. Not yet appear? they might,
And they had crept like *Tortoyfes*, Ariv'd
Before this time.

Car. There is some strange disaster.

Ped. The Coach overthrow, and both their lives
Endanger'd, can but excuse 'm.

Enter Alsimira.

Oh my Lord, *Don Carlos*.

Ped. The Tragick voice of women stricks mine eare.

Car. *Alsimira*? *Ped.* Madam.

Car. Where is our Daughter?

Alsi. My fear almost distracts me, she is gone,
Stoln, ravish'd from me. *Ped.* Ha.

Alsi. An armed Troop
In Visards forc'd her from my coach; and heaven
Knows where they have hurried the poor *Jacinta*.

Car. A troop of armed Devils.

Ped. Let them be
A legion, they are all damn'd.

Al. Nay they were men and mortall sure.

Ped. I w'on'ot leave one soul amongst them all.

Car. Mine is in torment.

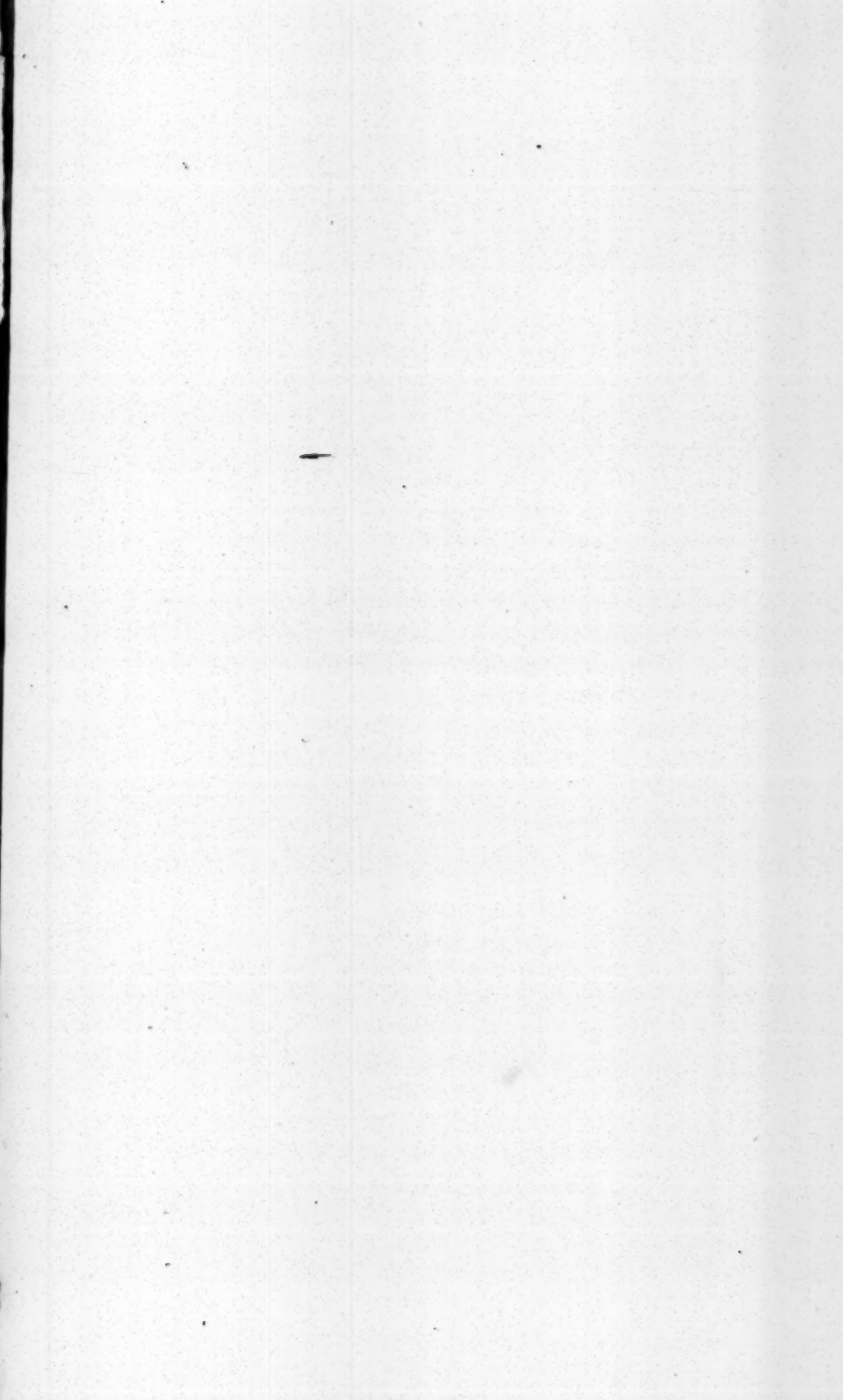
I'th' hope & height of my ambition
To be thus cros'd ! how scap'd you? •

Alsi. Alas I was not young enough, I offer'd
My self to bear her company, and suffer
As much as she did, but one boysterous fellow
With a starch'd voice, and a worse vizard, took me
Just here above my Sciatica, and quoited me
Into the coach, gen upon my head,
I had a larum in't for half an hour,
And so I scap'd with life.

Ped. Did they use her with any rigor ?

Alsi. To say truth they were gentle enough to her.

Ped. That



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Ped. That mollifies, and they may live.

Car. Hell overtake 'em, lets return, they had better
Committed incest, than this rape.

Ped. They had better ravish'd *Proserpine* before
Don Lucifer's own face. I am all fury. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alberto and Estefania.

Alb. Pardon my dear *Jacinta*, It was love
That threw me on this act, I had no patience
To see thee forc'd into a marriage
By a covetous Father, whose devotion
Is only Wealth and Title; I esteem
No danger, if at last the fair *Jacinta*
Smile and allow this duty; let not silence
Deprive me longer of thy voice, whose every
Accent will please, though it pronounce my sentences;
There's death in this Eclipse too, sweet dismiss
Thy ungentle veil, and let thy eyes make bright
This melancholy air, that droops and dies
For want of thy restoring beams.

Est. Now sir,
What think you of your Mistress?

Al. You are the Lady *Estefania* I take it.

Est. Yes, you did take me from the coach *Alberto*
But by a consequence I find, you thought
Jacinta in your power, I could have told you,
Had you discover'd sooner what you were,
Where to have found your Mistress, but shee's now
Above your hope, and by the priest ere this
Made wife to *Don Francisco*.

Alb. To *Don Pedro*?

Est. It was not sir impossible that I
(Had not your violence prevented me)
(By a plot between *Jacinta* and myself,
To take her place and person in the coach)
Had by this time been married to Count *Pedro*,
Whom I have power and Justice sir to challenge

If Contracts carry weight.

Al. Have I so long
Ly'n beating at the bush, and is the bird
Fled to *Francisco*?

Esf. I should shew I had
A passion fir, and sense of this captivity,
But that I find 'twas error, and not will
Lead you to this; and your own loss now made
Irreparable, helps to tye up my anger.

Al. Madam, I must confess a wrong, and dare
Submit to let your anger punish me,
For I despise my self; now I have lost
My expectation, and if you please
To think I had no malice in this act
To you, You can propose no satisfaction
I shall esteem a penance to repair you,
As far as my poor life, if you'll direct it.

Esf. 'Tis nobly promis'd fir. You shall redeem
In my thoughts what is past, if you be pleas'd
To make my stay no longer here; I have
No desperate aim to make *Don Pedro* yet
Know how to right me, or make publick what
Should bind his honor to perform.

Al. Was not *Luys* Madam entertain'd your Servant?

Esf. I shall make known the story if you walk
But to *Don Carlos* House.

Al. You shall command me.

Exeunt.

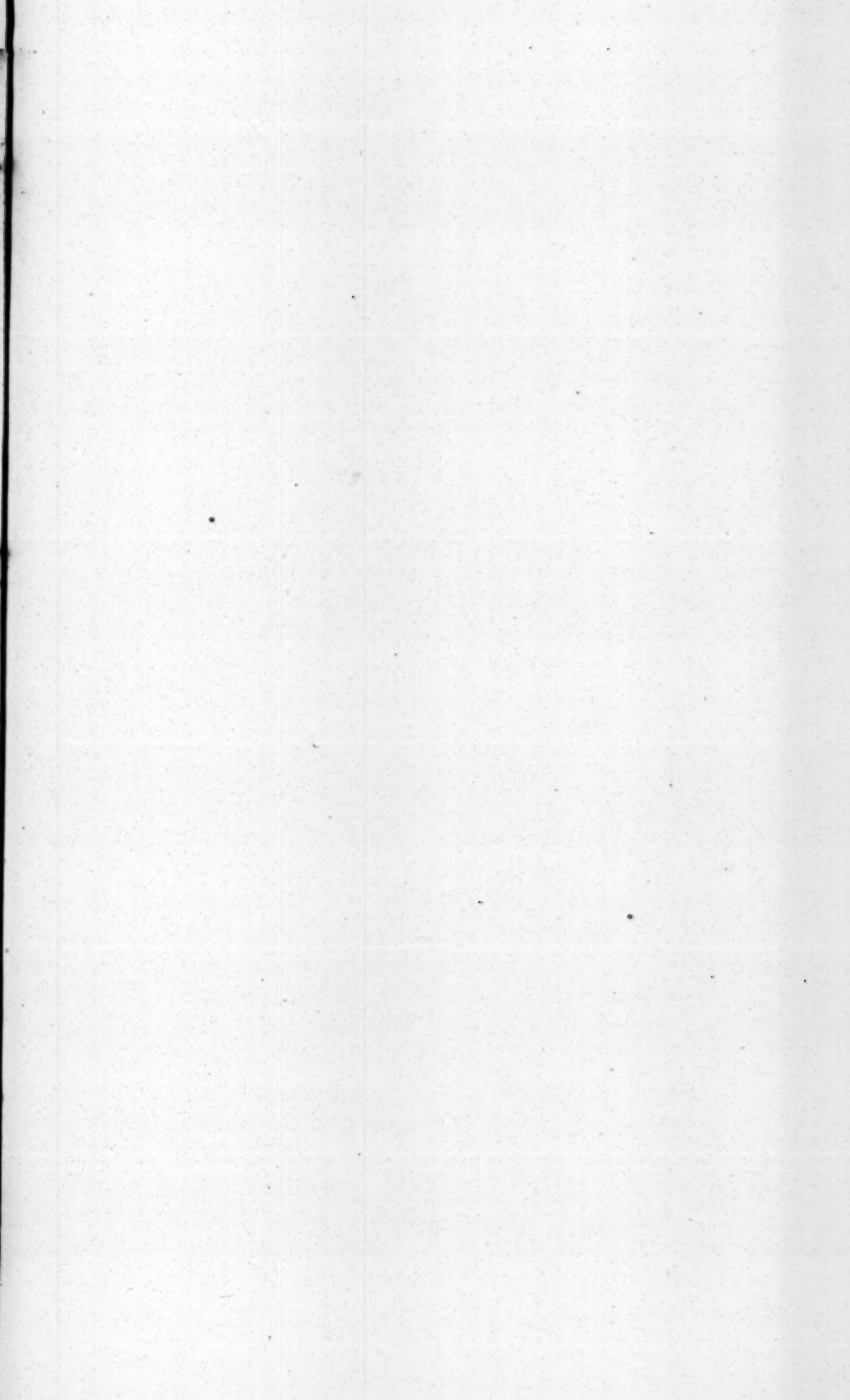
Enter Carlos, Alsimira, and Servant.

Car. No newes yet of *Jacinta*? *Al.* None.

Car. He must

Not live in *Spain*, nor in the World, if my
Revenge can overtake him, that has stoln
My Daughter; could you not by voice or habit
Guess at the ravisher? Ye are traitors all.

Alsi. Now I consider better, I suspect
Alberto one of the conspiracie,



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Some voice did sound like his. You know he lov'd her.

Car. Ha! *Alberto*?

Alfi. And how he might engage some Russians
To cross *Don Pedro*.

Car. 'Twas he, where's *Luis*?

I do not like his absence, thei'r both guilty;

My own blood turn'd a rebell? send for the *Alcaides*,

They shall both trot like thieves to the *Corrigidor*.

Where is Count *Pedro*?

Alfi. Gon in search of his lost Mistress.

Car. When all things were ripe,

The very Priest prepar'd to seal our Ioyes,

A work my brain did labour for, and sweat

With hope to see accomplish'd, undermin'd?

And in a Minute all blown up?

Alfi. Have patience

She may be found agen.

Car. But how my Lord

May be inclin'd to accept her foil'd, or wounded

Enter Luis drunk.

In fame--- *Alfi.* *Luis* is here.

Car. *Borachio*, here's a spectacle! more affliction?

Where is your Sister, whats become of *Jacinta*?

Lu. My Sister and *Jacinta* are gone together.

I know all the business. *Alfi.* Where is she?

Lu. She is very well, I know not where she is.

But *Don Alberto* is an honest Gentleman,

And has by this time done the feat. *Car.* Confusion---

Lu. You think you had all the wit, it was my plot.

You may thank heaven that you are old, and ugly, (to

You had been no Mother of this World. But fir, (*Alfi.*

I have some newes would be deliver'd privately.

Mother of mine, avant.

Car. Th'art not my Son.

Was ever man so miserable? away

Thou sponge; get him to sleep,

Al.

Alf. I dare not medle with him. *Ex.*

Lu. In sobriety a word. *Car.* Where is *Alberto*? (*Sift.*)

Lu. Where every honest man should be a bed, with me.
Old man, I ha' consider'd o'the former mater we talk'd on
And would do things like a dutiful son, but I find that a
Wife is not altogether so convenient for me as a---

Car. Will none deliver me?

Lu. They are somewhat slug,
Now I have found out an excellent tumbler,
That can do the somerset, please you to be acquainted
with her, and give me your opinion, She shall play
with all the stews in Christendome, for all you are
worth, if I live, and yet she is but 17 there's a peri-
winkle, I had a Gemini, before I went to travell, And
I am bound in conscience, if you think fit, to see her
Provided for--- (*well*)

Car. With whips, i'l have her skin flead off.

Lu. Her skin flead off? dost thou know mortal man
What thou hast said? I tel the *Don*, nothing can come neer
Her in the shape of an Officer, she is a very Basilisk & wil
Kill em with her eyes 3 score yards point blank, but you
May talk, & do your pleasure with her, for I came a
Purpose to bring her to your lodging, if you love me,
Do but see her, it shall cost you nothing, you shall
Be my friend, hang money?

Car. Thus will my state consume, vexation!
What shall I do? when you have slept *Lays*
I'll tell you more, attend him to his Chamber
And make his Door fast. (*Go*)

Lays You vwill consider on't, upon those terms, I vwill
Sleep a vvinckling. *Exit.*

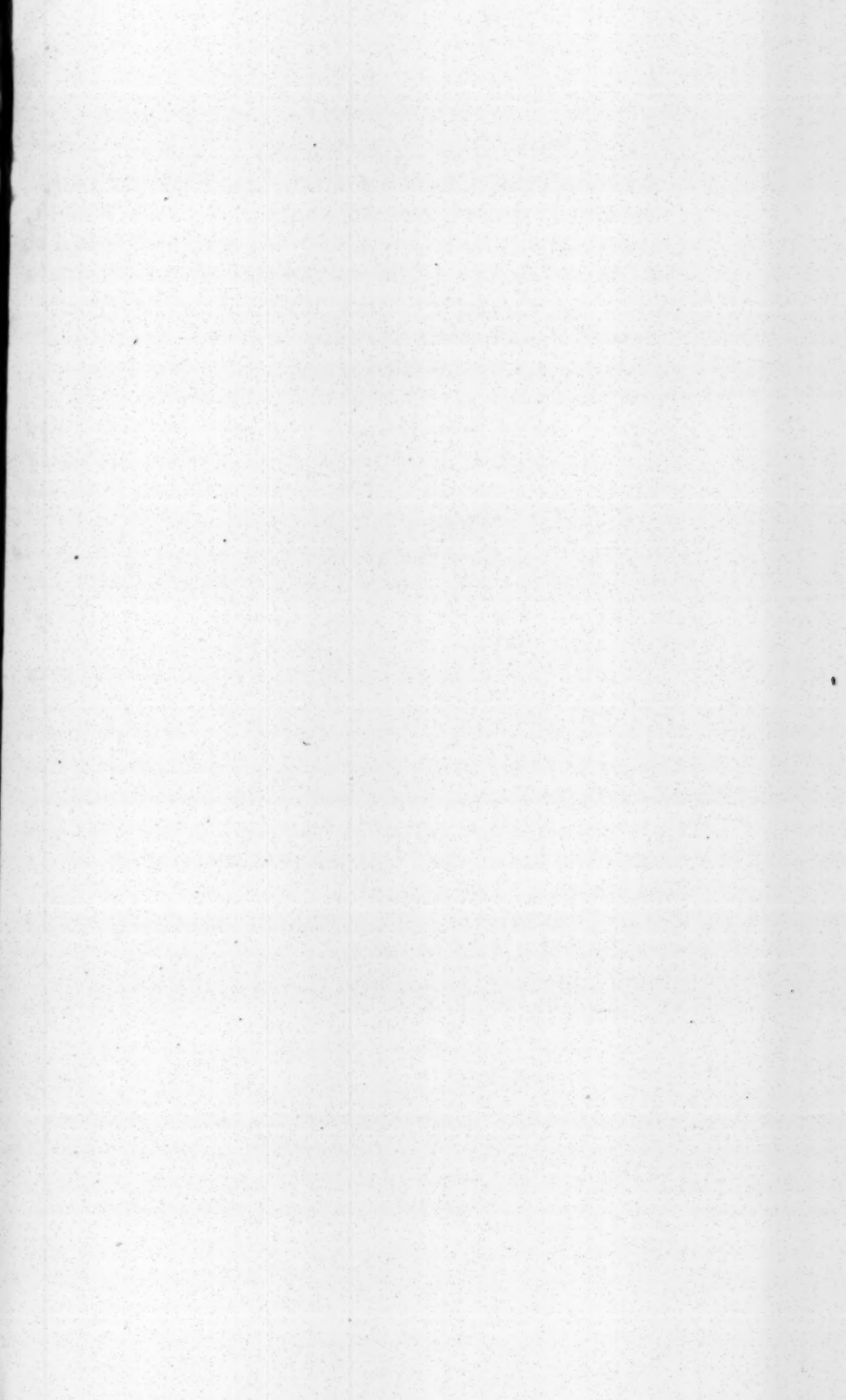
Car. And vvo'not all this take avway my senses?
My Son is lost too, this is all a curse
For my ambition and my Avarice.

Enter Alfimira and a servant with a Letter.

Alf. Nevvs *Don Carlos* from our Daughter.

Car. Ha, a Letter; 'tis *Isintas* hand.

Alf.



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Alfi. Know'st vwhere she is?

Ser. Yes Madam, and her resolution *Carl. reads.*
 To attend her Father, with my Master *Don Francisco*
Don Carlos please to admit 'em, the matters done.

Alfi. What matter?

Ser. They are as fast as any Priest can make em.

Car. Wife to *Francisco*, now his Fathers heir?

That's some allay, if it be true, she writes,
Don Pedro was contracted to *Estefania*, who supplied
 Her person in the Coach--twas not *Jacinta* was ravish'd
 Then, *Don Pedro* was not noble, after he had made faith,
 To intangle my *Jacinta*. Hum, say they shall
 Be welcome. *Ser.* They are present fir.

Enter Francisco and Jacinta.

Car. I am nor yet collected, but if this
 Paper be justified, I receive you both.
 Peruse those wonders *Alfivira*.

Clenge

Jacin. Sir, though by the eye of nature you may chal-
 All duty, this is done so like a Father
 It exceeds all your care.

Fran. Let this confirme,
 I bring a fortune not to be despis'd,
 But were I Master of the World, I should
 At price of all my wealth, think this a treasure
 Purchac'd too cheap.

Car. My blessing and my prayers, I'm new created,
 And bow to that great providence; all Joy
 Spread through your soules; this is not much amiss.

Fran. But what's become of Madam *Estefania*
 That took *Jacinta* place?

Alfi. Forc'd from the Coach
 By *Don Alberto*, thinking her my Daughter

Jacin. That part of our plot fail'd, but my intents
 Were fair, and to assist this injur'd Ladie

Ser. *Don Pedro* fir.

Enter Servant.

Car. You shall for some few minutes.

Withdraw

Withdraw into that Chamber, in his passion
He may be violent, leave me to moderate.

Fra. I shall obey you sir. *Exit*

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Was ever man of my great birth and fortune
Affronted thus? I am become the talk
Of every *Picaro* and *Ladron*, I challenge
A reparation of my honor; where's
Jacinta? 'tis a plot, a base contrivement
To make my name ridiculous, the subject
Of every scurrill language.

Car. My Lord with pardon
Of your *Altesa*, you are not Injur'd here,
Unless I have been faulty in too much
Obedience, and desires to serve your person,
With almost sacrifice of my Daughter.

Ped. Ha! too much to me?

Car. I would you had remembered
How much your Honor was engag'd before,
By Contract to another, when you mock'd
The Innocent *Jacinta*, now not mine.

Ped. Who hath traduc'd my fame, or mention'd me
With that dishonour? I disclaim all Contracts:
The unconfin'd Air's not more free, than I
To all the World, except your beauteous Daughter.

Car. Do you know the Lady *Estefania*? *(Solves it)*

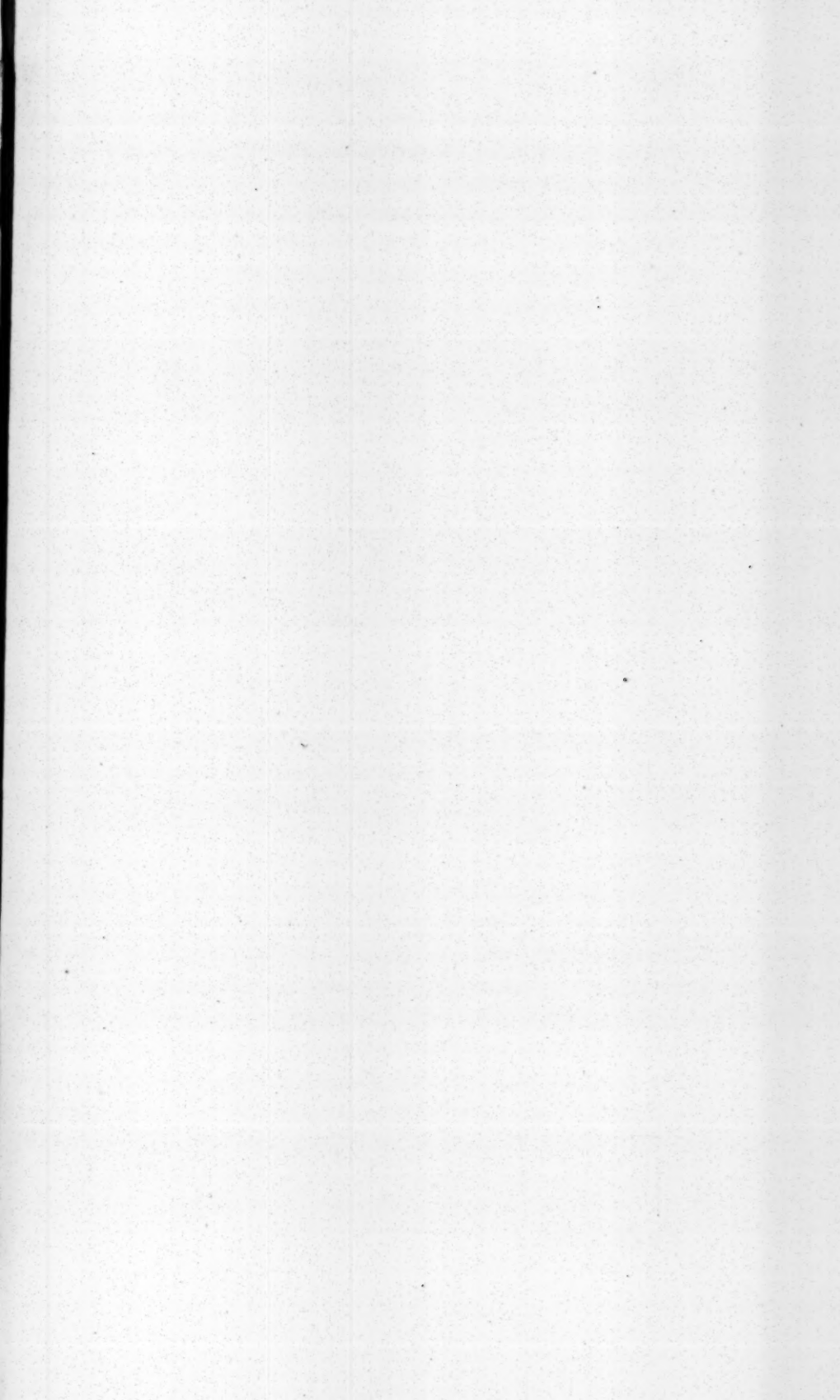
Ped. Dares she make faucie claims? my breath dis-
If every Lady whom we grace with our
Converse should challenge men of my Nobility.

Car. I wish my Lord you could evade it, For
The honor of my Family; if your conscience
Or Art can nullify that Ladies interest
I am resolv'd my Son *Lays* shall
Then marry With that Widow, I have no other
Ambition.

Ped. You are wise, and I

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Am fortified to clear my self thought-free

Enter Alberto, Estefania with a Letter.

From any promise to that sullen Madam.

Ha! tis *Jacinta*, and she wears the Jewell

I did present, conspicuously; I ask

No reasor for thy absence, let me chain

My darling in this amorous curl, tis happiness

Enough to repossess thee, not the policie

And power of Hell shall separate us agen.

Este. It is but Justice sir. *Ped.* Ha! *Estefania.*

Alb. Do you know her sir?

Este. Do you know this character? *Ped.* Conspiracy.

Est. When this is read *Don Carlos*

You will imagine he has wrong'd your Daughter.

Car. Is this your hand Count *Pedro*?

Ped. Mine——tis counterfeit

Upon my honor, and I thus dissolve

Thy insolent claim.

Este. Nothing can bind I see

A false heart

Car. This must give you freedom Madam,

If you release his hasty vow.

Este. Faith cannot

Be compeld sir.

Ped. These are all Impostures;

I take my self into my self.

Alb. What shall become of her my noble Count?

Ped. I pitty her

But cannot cure her wound, and if you be

Her friend, advise her to contain her passions,

And wisely love one that can entertain it.

Alb. You hear this Madam?

Este. And can smile upon

His violard fath.

Car. Now for *Luis*,

To strike in with the Widdow.

Ser. Hee's

Servant. Hæ's a sleep.

Car. He wake and quicken him.

Exit.

Est. Hadst thou bin worth my love, I should have held
Thee worth my anger shadow, of a Lord.
Thy greatness I despise, and think thee now
Too poor for my revenge, and freely give
Thee back thy barren promises, and when
I read in story, one that has been perjur'd,
I'll write *Don Pedro* in the place of him (thee.
That brok his faith, and thank my fate t' have mist

Alb. If you please Madam, while he is i'th' humor
Of being base, I'll make him gather up
These paper reliques, which he shall make him self
Up into rolls, and having swallowed 'em
For Pills, thank you, his Physick was so gentle.

Est. It will be too much time & breath lost on him.

Alber. It will become me Madam to attend you.

Exit Est.

Ped. So, she is taken off and my path free
To Carlos Daughter.

Enter Carlos and Luys.

Luys. Contracted to *Don Pedro*? say.

Car. She was, where is *Estefania*?

Ped. Gone with *Alberto*; proud to wait upon
The Lady I neglected.

Car. Follow 'em *Luys*?

I do not like he should insinuate

Now she is free, and his hopes desperat in

Jacintas love. *Luys* How long have I slept for?

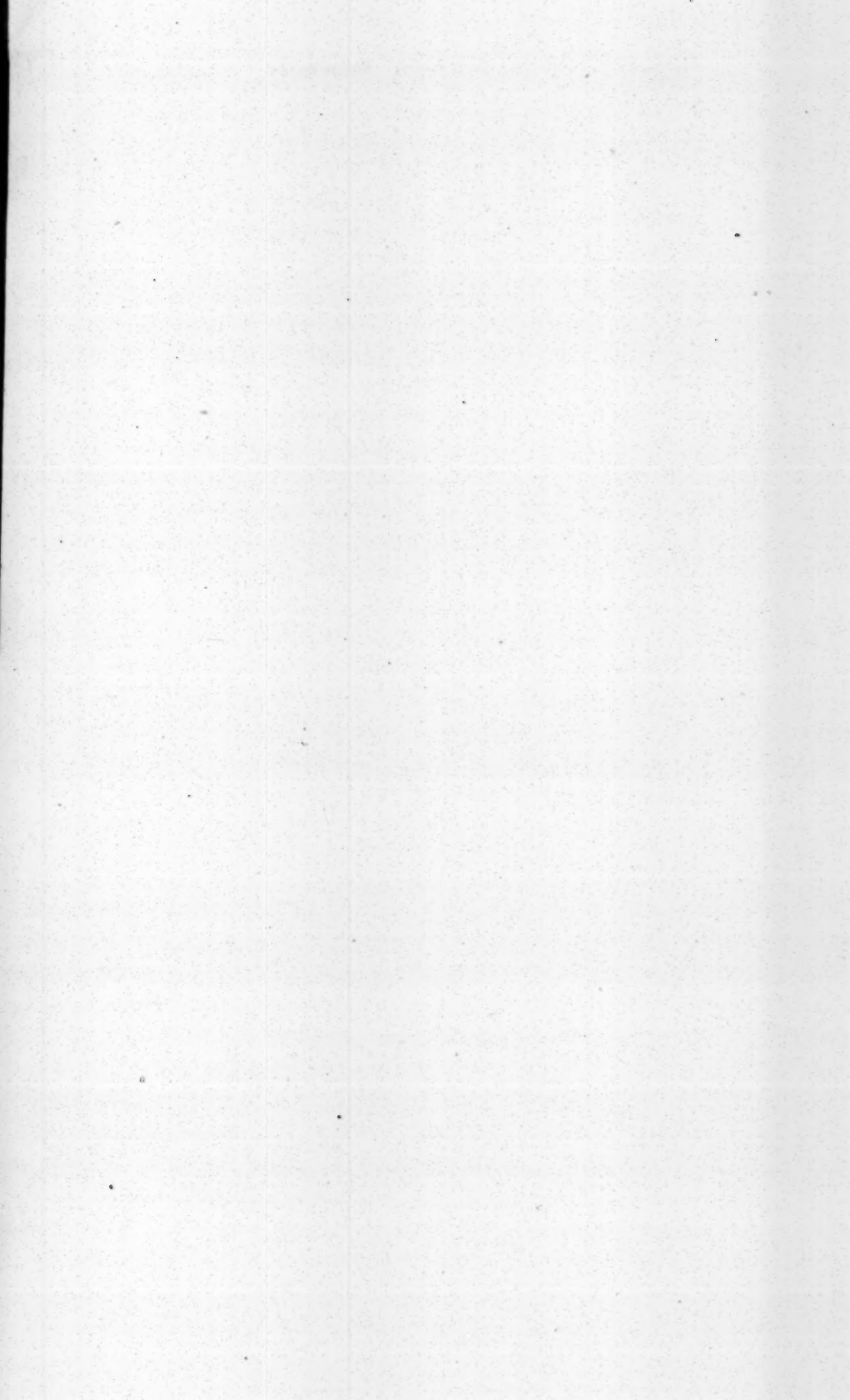
Car. Thou dost dream still, pursue the Widdow now
Or never look at such a fortune.

Luys Is she gone with *Alberto*? what if I say,
I have lain with her, and that she's with child by me?

Car. That would stain both your fames; away and
When thou return'st, and she confirm'd. (welcom

Luys He confirm her, or confound somebody.

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No more, I am awake, this is *Don Pedro*
 I'll talk with him first, will you justifie,
 The Widdow is a Widdow still, and sweet
 For all your Contract, that you have not been
 My rivall as they say after the flesh,
 And that you did not know I had a mind,
 Or not a mind, to do the deed of Matrimon y?

Ped. Not I upon my honor.

Luis You are witness----now to *Alberto*.

Car. Manage the business temperatly.

Luis Let me alone to be temperate, if I do not cosen
 Some body, let me never drink Sack agen. (Exit.

Car. What think you of *Jacinta* now my Lord?

Ped. As on the Saint I pay my chief devotions.

Enter *Fernando*.

Fer. I come to seek one, that I late call'd Brother,
 But he hath forfeited that Name, and Justice
 Weary of such a prodigy in nature
 Hath arm'd me thus in her revenge, *Don Carlos*,
 Obscure him not, no darkness can protect him,
 My sword shall forrage every room like lightning,
 No Cave but it shall visit, and through ribs
 Of steel compell my passage to his heart,
 Although I meet him in his Mistris Armes,
 The lovers Sanctuary, I dare force *Francisco*,
 And with my Sword cut the Embrace that chains him,
 Rather then he shall glory in my ruines,
 And revell out, those honors, with her, he
 Took from my blood.

Enter *Francisco* with a Parchment.

Fra. It shall not need *Fernando*.

Ped. Hum, here is like to be a bloody business,
 I'll not disturb 'em.

Exit.

Car. As you are Brothers, by your Fathers dust
 That should sleep quiet in his Urne, by her
 Dear name that gave you life, that now prays for you,

F

Chid

Chide this unnaturall furie.

Fra. VVhat demands *Fernando*?

Fer. My inheritance wrought from me
By thy flie creeping to supplant my birth,
And cheat our Fathers easie soul, unvvorthily
Betraying to his anger for thy lust
Of wealth, the love and promise of two hearts,
Poor *Felisarda* and *Fernando* now
Wither at foul, and rob'd by thee of that
Should cherish virtue, like to rifled Pilgrims
Met on the way, and having told their story,
And drop'd their even teares for both their loss,
Wander from one another.

Fra. Tis not sure

Fernando, but his passion (that obeys not
The counsel of his reason) would accuse me,
And if my Father now, since spirits lose not
Intelligence, but more active when they have (ling,
Shook off their chains of flesh, would leave his dwell-
And visit this course orbe agen: my Innocence
Should dare the appeal, and make *Fernando* see
His empty accusations.

Fer. He that thrives

By wicked art, has confidence to dress
His action with simplicity, and shapes
To cheat our credulous natures, tis my wonder
Thou darst do so much injury *Francisco*
As must provoke my Justice, to revenge,
Yet wear no Sword.

Fra. I need no guard, I know

Thou darst not kill me. *Fer.* Dare I not? *Fra.* (cise

Fra. And name thy cause, tis thy suspicion not *Fra*
Hath wrought thee high and passionate, to assure it,
If you dare violate, I dare possess you
Withall my title to your Land.

Car. How is that?

Will you resign the interest to such
A fair Estate, and wrong my Daughter sir?

Fra Let him receive it at his perill. *Fer.* Ha!

Fra. It was my Fathers act, not mine, he trembled
To hear his curse alive, what horror will
His conscience feel, when he shall spurn his dust,
And call the reverend shade from his blest seat,
To this bad World again, to walk and fright him?

Car. I am abus'd *Fer.* Can this be more than dream?

Fra. Sir you may cancell it, but think withall
How you can answer him that's dead, when he
Shall charge your timorous soul for this contempt
To nature and Religion, to break
His last bequest, and breath, that seal'd your blessings?

Car. These are fine fancies.

Fer. Here, and may it prosper,
Where my good Father meant it, I'm overcome.
Forgive me, and enjoy it, I may find
Some Earth that is not thine, where I may dy
And take up a dark Chamber, love *Jacinta*,
And while I seek out where to be forgotten
Live happy, and devide the spring between you,

Enter Ramires, Felisarda, and Teodoro, a loof.

Fra. So, so, all's well agen. *Ram.* Fernando stay.

Fer. Ha, my Father and *Felisarda*?

Car. Don *Ramyres* and my Neece?

Fer. Are they both dead? [*Fer. Kneels.*

I dare kneel too, they do converse. *Don Carlos*
Do not you know that shape? 'tis wondrous like
Your Neece. *Car.* And that your Father, ha!

Fer. How long hath *Felisarda* been a sad
Companion to the shades? I did not think
To find thee in this pale society,
Of ghosts so soon.

Felisar. I am alive *Fernando*,

And *Don Ramires* still, thy living Father.

Fra. You may believe it sir, I was o'th' counsell.

Fer. It is a joy will tempt me, wish to live
Here, without more ambition to change
For blessings of the other World; and is
My Father willing that wee both should live?

Car. Men thought you dead.

(some few)

Ramir. It lay within the knowledge of *Francisco* and
By this device to advance my younger Son
To a Mariage with *Jacinta* sir, and try
Fernando's Piety and his Mistris Vertue,
Which I have found worth him, and my acceptance,
With her I give thee what thy birth did challenge.
Receive thy *Felisarda*.

Fer. 'Tis a joy,
So flowing, it drowns all my faculties,
My soul will not contain I fear, but lose
And leave me in this extasie. *Car.* I am cheated.

Ra. Not so, what dower you add above that fortune,
Descends upon her by your Sisters Legacie
Francisco shall deserve, with a proportion

Enter Francisco and Jacinta.

Out of my state; live, and be happy both,
You shall not want a Father in my care.
Our children thus increas'd *Don Carlos*, 'tis
Our shame if we neglect 'em; *Teodoro*

You now may call me Brother. *Thes.* I'm honor'd.

Car. Well, take my blessing too, love her *Francisco*.
My bounty is to come, and if my Son
But finish with his Mistris--hee's return'd,

Enter Luys.

Where is the Widdow?

Lu. Sure enough. *Car.* And *Don Alberto*.

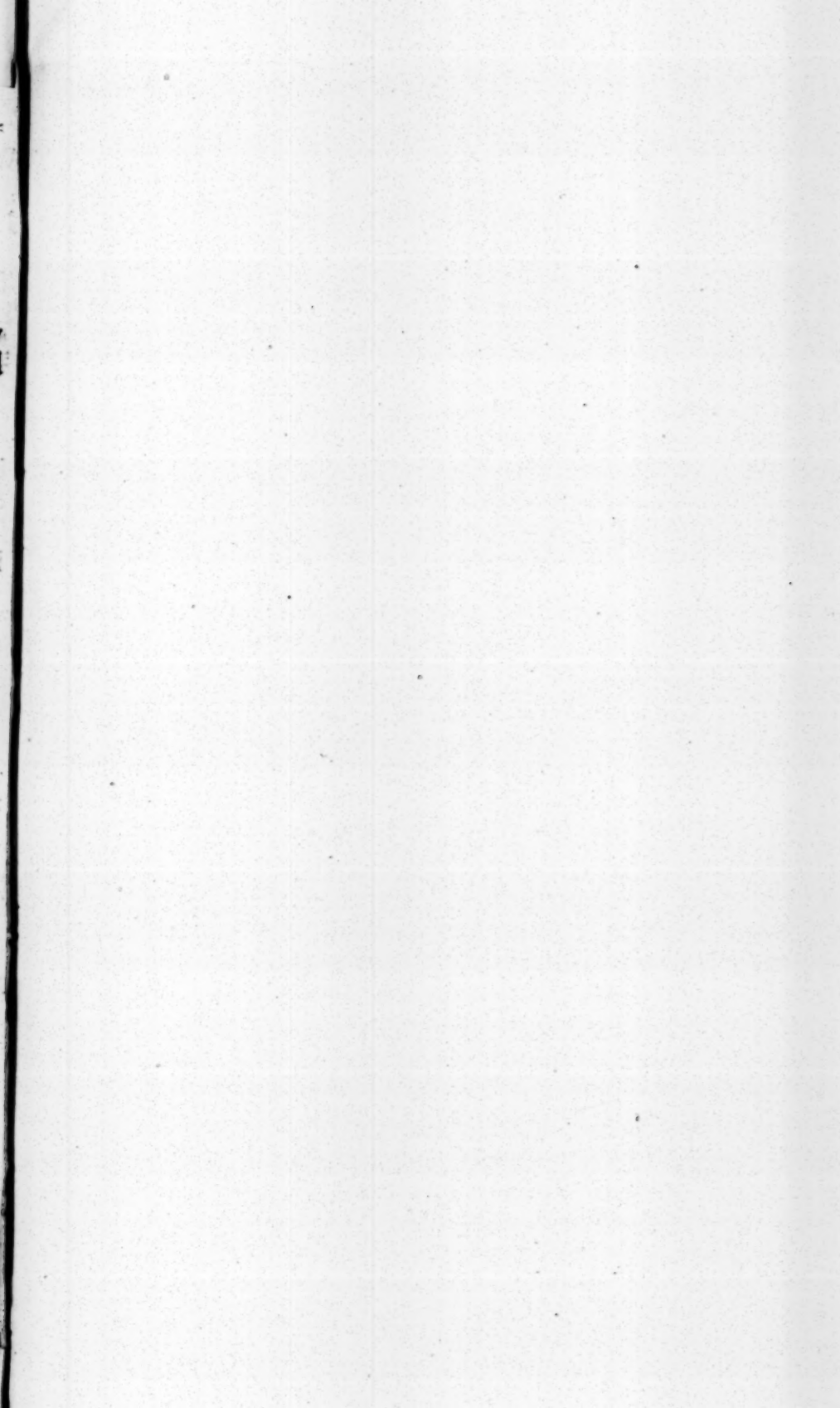
Lu. I ha made him sure too, I ha pepper'd him.

Car. How?

(me?)

Lu. In your ear, I ha cut his throat, do none persue

Car. I



Car. I hope thou hast not kil'd him? ha!

Lu. You hope to late, I could not help it, you said He was my Rivall. *Car.* Not to loud.

Lu. Where, where shall I obscure me, the Alcaides Will be here presently, and search for me. I left him giving up the ghost, at a cranny I made into his side, through which a man Might see into his midriff.

Car. Art thou desperate?

Lu. Beside one window that did look into his lungs, From whence his wind came strong enough, In six hours fail to dispatch a Carrack to the straightes.

Car. I'm mad.

Lu. I should neglect my life, but 'twould not found With your honor that *Don Carlos* Son was hang'd, Or put into the Gallies; are they not come yet?

Car. I am undone, there is no safety here, Make fast those doors, and by the Postern gate Thou maist escape, take the best Horse, away.

Lu. I shall want money fir.

Car. Come follow me?

This accident I fear will quite distra&t me.

Lu. You must dispatch me quickly fir, there is No staying to tell the money, gee't me in lump, I'll count it afterwards, good fir make hast. *Exit. Lu.*

Ra. Something hath hapned that doth fresh Perplex him. *Fra.* Where is *Don Pedro*? *(Car.)*

Enter Pedro.

Fer. Hee's here.

Ped. The storm is over sure, I hear no noise, *Toledos* are asleep, *Jacinta*? have I found my love?

Fran. Here 'twas lost indeed, I must allow no such Familiarity With my Wife. *Ped.* How? married?

(me thus?)

Ja. 'Tis most true my Lord. *Ped.* You have not us'd

Fra. It had been Impious to divorce your heart
From *Estefania*; My good Lord, wee know
Your Lordship is religious in your promises.

Ped. I defy all *Estefanias*; Lady you are civill. { *To Fe-*

Fer. It will become my care so to preserve her } *lis.*
My Honorable Count.

Ped. Honorable?

It appeares not by these contempts. (ture.

Ramyr. Your Lordship cannot want a Female Furni-

Enter Alberto and Estefania. (blood

Ped. I must have some body now I'm prepar'd, my
Will take itill, would I had *Estefania*;
Shee's here, Madam I hope you have
A better faith than to believe I was in Earnest,
Don Pedro is only at your service.

Este. 'Tis too late sir, this Gent. is witness,
Of your surrender, and is now posselt
Of all that's mine.

Al. It was your Noble bounty,
For which I cannot study a return
More apt than to resign to your good Lordship,
My Interest in *Jacinta*, give you joy Count.
Such a rich Widdow serves my turn.

Ped. So so,

If I consider well this is but Justice.

Enter Carlos.

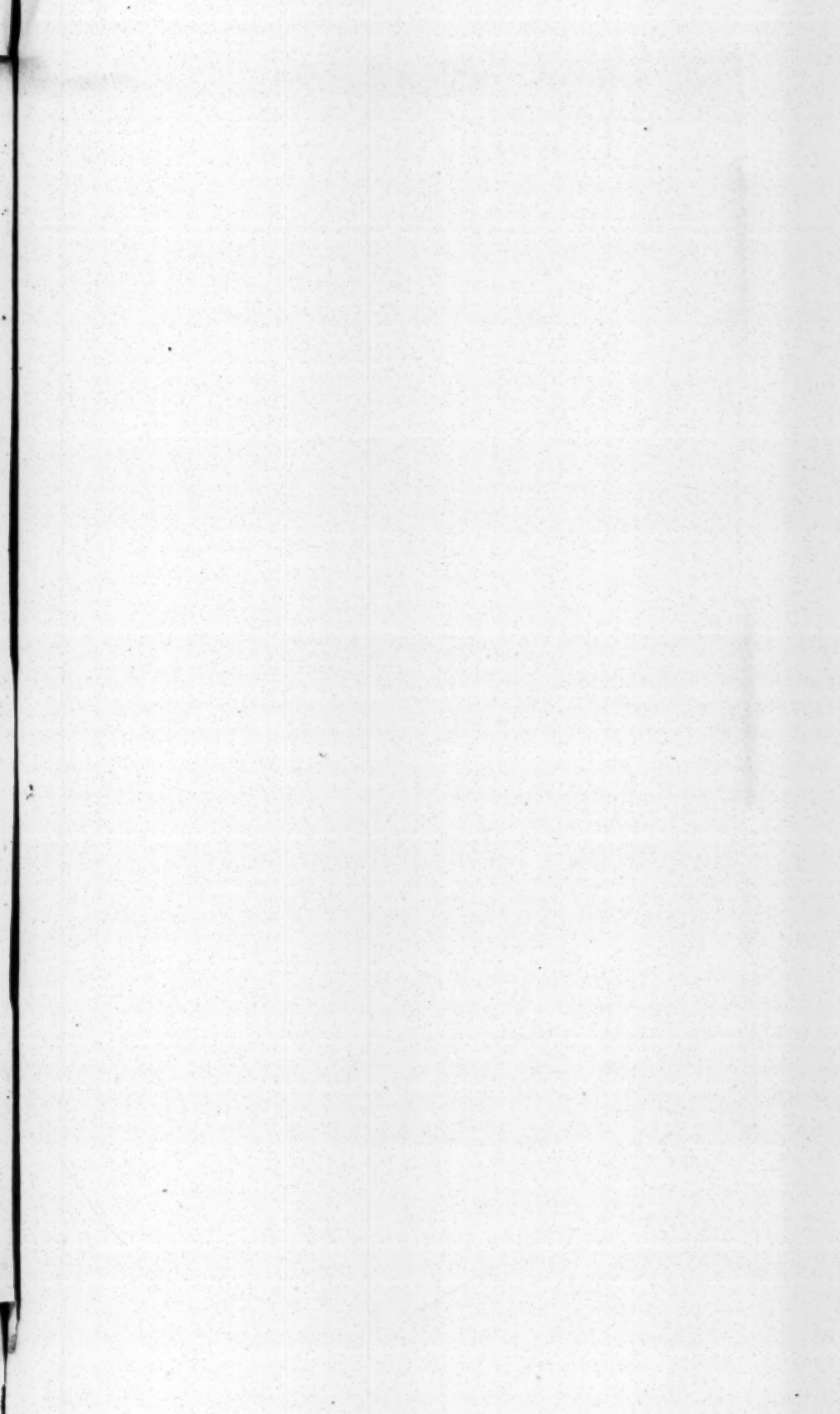
Car. Ha, are not you *Don Alberto*: fetch back *Luis*.

Al. The very same sir, and this Lady is my Wife,
Please you salute her.

Enter Luis.

Luis Sir for the credit of your wisdom talk not,
The man you see's alive and married too,
With my consent, alas I ow'd him mony,
That Widdow has paid all, I must be honest,
I had no heart to leave you so unsatisfied,
These sums must go for other debts,

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My debts do clog my conscience, and are better
 When they are timely paid fir, then let run
 With their long Teeth to bite your state hereafter,
 And when I am free you dare but trust me——
 Was ever Father cheated thus, come hither,
 How canst thou be so impudent?
 I cannot help it fir, unless you dye
 On some better means, I shall make bold
 With these devices, you are my Father fir,
 And I am bound——

Car. To cozen me?

Lu. All must be mine, and if
 I pay my self a little before the day,
 You shall be no loser when you come to reckon,
 This sha'not make a breach twixt you and I,
 They are honest men I ow this money too,
 When I am cleer prescribe me any method
 And rank me like your son, I will deserve
 You shall forget my wildness, and acknowledge me
 A convert without blemish to your family.

Rami. I must be Intercessor.

Jacin. And we all. *Car.* I'll think upon't.

Ped. Since I cannot have *Jacinta*, I desire
 I may have her Brother.

Lu. Not in marriage.

Fed. I like his wit, his spirit, and his humor,
 Do not you love a wench? *Lu.* Yes fir.

Ped. Thou sha't never want. *Lu.* Wenches?

Ped. Wee'l live together, and if thy Father
 Be not bountifull, thou shalt command my fortune.

Lu. You speak nobly.

Ped. Ladies, I ask your pardon
 Unless you hold me desperate, disdain not
 That I may this day wait upon your triumph,
 And to each Bride offer some gift to expiate
 My folly and offence.

Rami. You

Rami. You are too bountifull.

Car. Y^e are all my guests to day.

Rami. I beg your next

Remove may place the Scen of Joy with me,
My house shall be much honor'd, lead the way
With Verie and Wine let Poets crown this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Epilogue.

Pedro.

SO so, your dangers over, and the state
Secure, as when our Fleet in Eighty Eight
Was fir'd and scatter'd, to confirm it true
Here is Don Pedro taken Prisoner too,
Put at your mercy Gentlemen, and I
Confess without a rack conspiracy,
So far as my poor part i^th^e Play comes too,
But I am innocet from hurt to you,
And I dare quit the rest from any plot
Meant but to please, if you believe it not
I dare make oath, your hands can do no less
Than certifie your friends what I confess.

F I N I S.

